The Nation.

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The Week.

A sense of humor is necessary to make public life "tolerable," argued Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the other day, when nominating the Speaker of the House; and it needed a very strong sense of humor to enable the President to maintain his equipoise when he discovered that Senator Tillman had been put in official charge of his pet railway legislation. The step was, to be sure, a logical sequence of the reporting out of the Hepburn bill by a combination of all the Democrats with the radical Republicans of the committee. Yet there appears to have been something like malice in it. Senator Aldrich's fine Italian hand was never more visible than in the substitution of Tillman for Dolliver as Mr. Roosevelt's latest "spokesman." Here is the piece of legislation nearest the President's heart confided to the man who has most violently attacked him. He is a man, furthermore, who has a reputation as a leveller and almost a revolutionary in his political principles. To his tender mercies is confided the bill which Mr. Roosevelt has urged as a means of forestalling the extremists! Yet in such ways do inner and deep political affinities have a way of asserting themselves, in rude disregard of personal wishes or official dignity.

It is clear to us that the only real contest left over the railway-rate bill relates to the right of judicial review of the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. On this point, Senator Knox's section, in his personal bill introduced on Thursday, seems admirably drawn. It would doubtless save the law from being declared unconstitutional—a danger to which the unamended Hepburn bill is thought by good lawyers to be manifestly exposed—and promises to be equitable in operation. The provision that the railroads are to give a bond, during the suspension and litigation of any order reducing freight rates, to pay back overcharges to shippers in case the courts decide against them, seems to meet all the ends of justice. Of course, in actual practice, the railroads would have occasion to fight very few orders in the courts; but they ought not to be deprived of the right to do so, under proper safeguards. It is now evident that the final form of the bill will preserve them this right; and if disappointed radicals like Senator Dolliver assert that this will reduce the whole measure to a nullity, they only thereby disclose the fact that they were contemplating a plan impossible under the Constitution.

If the Senate was practically unanimous for the Pure Food bill, as the vote showed on February 21, the only wonder is that it should have taken fifteen years of agitation to pass it. As a matter of fact, the defeat of the bill, once it was brought to a vote, was never among the possibilities. The four Southern Democrats who cast negative votes did so on grounds that had really nothing to do with the actual need for legislation on the subject, or the merits of the particular measure. The history of the Pure Food bill has been used as an example of the way in which special interests can secure the indefinite postponement of good legislation. It might also be taken to show the possibilities of misrepresenting the actual effect of such a measure. Argument after argument has been put forth on the assumption that the Heyburn-Hepburn bill (1) interfered with the right of the States to regulate the standards of food products within their own borders, (2) gave the Secretary of Agriculture power arbitrarily and without a hearing to publicly declare any food product to be injurious, and (3) required the publication of trade secrets in the shape of formulas. Really, it does none of those things. With those misconceptions cleared away, as was promptly done by the able speeches of Senators Heyburn and McCumber and others favoring the bill, there was literally nothing to do but support it.

Meanwhile, those manufacturers whose business would come under the scope of the bill and who yet accepted it as inevitable, have adopted a much franker and more candid attitude toward the public. Since their goods must hereafter be sold on their merits, if at all, they are beginning to argue that they have merits. There has been altogether too much talk about "poisoning" in connection with the pure-food agitation. The real evil has been plain swindling, and the majority of adulterated products are perhaps as innocuous as the historic wooden nutmeg. There are many products, now systematically sold as something they are not, for which there should be a perfectly legitimate demand when they are offered for just what they are and at reasonable prices. There is undoubtedly not a little unreasonable prejudice combined with the very just resentment of the public against the frauds that have been practised in past years. Instead of yielding to the groundless caprice of the consumer, the passage of the Pure Food bill ought to be the first step toward removing it.

"To give America time to think," was the German Government's explanation in the Reichstag of its willingness to make a provisional tariff arrangement with the United States. There is, of course, a veiled threat in the words, though they only follow, after all, what Secretary Root has said of his hope that the Senate may prove less obdurate next winter. But the idea that what we need is time to "think" about the tariff! Thought is the last thing lacking. Take Massachusetts, for example, a very factory of Republican thought. It is about all one way there—except for Lodge. The Democrats to a man want the tariff revised, and the Republican Governor has written to the President urging that something be done at once to preserve the party from disaster. And that is very much the case the country over. As a matter of mere intellectual conviction, the agreement is well-nigh absolute that the present tariff is a burden grievous to be borne, yet bound upon the shoulders of Americans by selfish interests intrenched in political power. But protection simply grins and asks what we are going to do about it. It will never be made to budge by pure thought, we may depend upon it. Some sort of *vis a tergo* will have to be applied—and it may take the form of a Democratic majority in the next House.

There are thirty-seven Representatives whose districts include ports of entry where the expenses exceed the receipts. A fortnight ago, when Chairman Payne of the Ways and Means Committee tried to bring up a bill authorizing the President to rearrange the customs machinery on business lines—not necessarily abolishing all these ports, but consolidating the ones with small reason for existence—just three of those thirty-seven voted favorably. They were William Alden Smith of Michigan, Republican; John Austin Moon of Tennessee, and John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, Democrats; and their names deserved to be registered on the deplorably short roll of legislators willing to apply principles of wider application where any local interest is involved. There voted against considering the bill 16 Republicans and 11 Democrats who had unprofitable custom houses in their districts, while 6 Republicans and 1 Democrat were among those "not voting." Among the "nays" were to be found two members, Allen of Maine and Gardner of New Jersey, who had two of the "fake ports" at home, and six members, Burleigh of Maine, Greene of Mas-

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sachusetts, Hermann of Oregon, Lovering of Massachusetts, Patterson of North Carolina, and Thomas of North Carolina, with two each. It was not the vote of these quasi port-wardens that defeated Mr. Payne's manifestly proper bill, to be sure, for, leaving them out of account, the vote would have stood 136 to 84; but we get as nice a glimpse of the almost mathematical completeness of log-rolling methods as we have had in many sessions.

The history of pension order No. 78 will come to an end when Congress has enacted the substance of that famous regulation into law. It has not increased our appropriations by anything like the estimates made by hostile critics, nor even those which Commissioner Ware made the basis for asking a special appropriation. But it did swell by a very considerable sum the pension-roll. Of course, not all of the $3,668,064 added to the total of pensions, nor all of the 78,800 claims allowed since the order was promulgated, are traceable to its workings. Still, the figures show that the average number of applications granted in a month has increased by nearly 10 per cent. since the order went into effect. A minimum estimate of the cost of the order might be made by reckoning from this additional number alone. There has been an average of 321 more applications granted monthly since April, 1904, than in the fiscal year before that. This would make, up to February 1, some 7,900. Supposing that these averaged $6 per month—the minimum pension for age alone—this would increase the roll by nearly $560,000. It is clear that veterans have not taken advantage to the full of the privilege extended to them. Also, it was not to be expected that the full effects would be manifest at once. It took three years for pension appropriations to reach their maximum after the passage of the sweeping act of 1890.

Francis Hendricks, State Superintendent of Insurance, is unsparingly pilloried in the Armstrong report. He appears, exactly as the evidence taken at the hearing shows him, either grossly incompetent or venal. Gov. Higgins has talked about the "fidelity and integrity" of his personal friend Hendricks; but Gov. Higgins, Superintendent Hendricks, and everybody else knows that fidelity is a virtue in which the head of the Insurance Department is conspicuously deficient. For the last five or six months Higgins has had ample evidence that—to quote the report—"most of the evils disclosed would have been impossible had the Department done its duty." Had the Governor not placed protection of his political crony above protection of the policyholders, he would have driven Hendricks from office early last autumn. Gov. Higgins has for many reasons richly merited public contempt, but nothing that he has done or left undone shows so clearly his feeble conception of duty as his retention of the disgraced Hendricks.

The resignation of Stuyvesant Fish from the directorate of the Mutual Life lays a heavy responsibility upon President Charles A. Peabody and the remaining trustees of the company. Mr. Peabody's explanations have neither obscured nor diverted attention from the fact that Mr. Fish was refused information which is absolutely essential to thorough investigation of the company's affairs. His committee was instructed by the trustees to go to the bottom; but when the probe struck the trustees themselves and perhaps certain others high in the management, his hand was stayed. So far as President Peabody and the Mutual Life are concerned, it is an unfortunate coincidence that Mr. Fish's withdrawal follows close on the publication of the Armstrong report. That document declares explicitly:

> "It does not appear that the board of trustees exercised any effective checks upon the management. . . . The committee on agencies did not supervise the most important of the agency contracts. The committee on expenditures permitted large disbursements without proper vouchers, and the auditing committee failed properly to audit the company's accounts."

We know that certain trustees were interested with the company in syndicate participations. The slackness of the management has thrown a majority of the board under the gravest suspicion. The singular thing is, that the members themselves, regardless of President Peabody and others who may have damaging facts to conceal, do not insist upon such a policy of drastic housecleaning and complete publicity as shall allay the widespread distruct of the Mutual. Under the present policy the management cannot hope for the support of sane and honest men. The revolution has begun, and it will not end, we venture to predict, until the Mutual is in the hands of men who will conduct it for the benefit of the policyholders.

With a single dissenting voice, the members of the National Academy of Design voted last week for union with the Society of American Artists. The plan of merger remains to be presented to a full meeting of the Society, but one need hardly expect opposition from that quarter. It is probable that the plan of federation which a joint committee has had under deliberation for more than a year, may yet be amended. There will remain also difficulties of a technical and legal sort, but on the main issue the late vote assures the union. It will be heartily welcomed by all lovers of art, for the differences between the older and younger organization had pretty well disappeared, and anything like a useful rivalry had ceased to exist. Being essentially one in purpose, further disunion would have been poor economy, while the partnership promises a renewal in authority and in strength. For the first time in more than a generation, we shall have an artists' society that fairly represents all schools and all quarters of the country. Such a body may confidently appeal to the wealth of this city for the larger exhibition quarters that are so much needed if the rejuvenated Academy is to have a public effect commensurate with its professional importance. Great credit is due the joint committee for elaborating out of a difficult situation a practicable scheme of union. Especial praise should fall to the old Academy for an act at once so generous and so expedient. For the sake of art in America it has made no mean contribution of snug endowments, not to mention the even greater sacrifice of the cherished academic right of preëmption of wall space ever too scanty.

The investigation into the public offices of Cincinnati and Hamilton County has begun with vigor. At the very first session of the legislative committee the County Treasurer, R. J. Hynicka, confessed that he had received in "gratuities" between $15,000 and $20,000 from banks which received from him a deposit of public moneys. He carefully explained that he had never asked for anything; the kind-hearted bankers merely realized how inadequate his official salary was and wanted to help him out. In other words, we have again been shown how political corruption finds its strongest supporters in the world of high finance, among the business men of high estate who fill the pews of the churches and so plaintively echo all regrets at the misgovernment of our cities. Behind the boss is ever the conscienceless banker or railroad president of life-insurance manager always so ready to "give up" to any politician who may strike him for this or that purpose. This Cincinnati investigation should make Ohio doubly glad over the Democratic victory last fall—the Republican members of the committee declining to serve. It has already borne out all that Secretary Taft said about the alliance between the Ohio boss and the corporations.

A Southern reader has called our attention to some refreshingly vigorous resolutions passed by the Etowah County Bar Association at Gadsden, Ala., in reference to the lynching of a negro named Richardson at that place on Sunday, February 11. A mob of some 25 or 30 persons broke into the county jail, took out the negro and put him to death because he was accused of the murder of a white woman. The grand jury had

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investigated the case, and, failing to find any evidence connecting Richardson with the crime, did not indict him. The mob knew better, and took the opportunity offered by his being held to await the possible discovery of additional evidence. The Bar Association acted within forty-eight hours, and in this wise:

"Whereas, the lynching of a person by a mob is nothing less than murder in its vilest form, and is destructive to all law and order as well as of the great and saving teachings and principles of Christianity, now, therefore, be it resolved that the lynching of Bunk Richardson is greatly deplored and should be condemned by all law-abiding citizens of the county; that the murder of this man be and hereby is condemned in unmeasured terms; that all law-abiding citizens of the county are urged to coöperate with the Bar Association in quenching at once this unlawful and awful spirit of taking the life of a human being without a trial under the forms of law."

The Bar Association also called upon the ministers to instill a better spirit into the youth of the community. Our correspondent remarks with pride, and with truth, that no such ringing resolutions were passed by any association of lawyers when there was a lynching in Belleville, Ill., and that there was no similar public protest in Wilmington, Del., when that town was disgraced by a murderous mob.

The few Unionist members who "viewed with alarm" the Irish declarations in the King's speech were apparently very much alone in their opinion, and the first party division in the new House of Commons brought the handsome majority of 318 for the Government. This barren protest was, however, the occasion of an interesting statement from the Irish Secretary, Mr. James Bryce. He made it clear, while declining to go into details, that the Government would hold itself free to work towards Irish self-government. A rather striking and unexpected feature of his address was the statement that he regarded the mandate of the recent elections as plenary in all Irish matters. This is somewhat at variance with the tone of Liberal arguments during the campaigning; but, obviously, the Unionists are the last people to complain of such an interpretation of the elections. They opposed the Liberals precisely on the ground of the old Home Rule contention, and if the Liberals should actually propose legislation more radical than has been expected, they would merely be taking the Unionists at their word. Mr. Bryce's speech is important, then, because it shows that the Government will use a free hand in dealing with the Irish question. Mr. Redmond's followers are, probably, at best resigned to the prospect of measures which, being planned for their relief, they cannot well oppose, though in the shaping of which they are in no position to claim a leading part.

Naturally, John Morley has reversed the action of his predecessor in placing the military power above the civil in India. The biographer and pupil of Gladstone could not be expected to do otherwise, for he has himself traced the change of view which led the great Premier finally to realize, as he did not at first, the supreme importance of preserving the independence of the civil authority as opposed to the ecclesiastical or the military. When the Balfour Government finally crumbled, a shrewd English observer declared that, whatever else the Liberals might do, they would not dare to stop the importation of coolies into South Africa or to overrule Lord Kitchener, the popular military idol. The Liberals have shown that they possessed the necessary courage to do both these things, in addition to reaffirming Gladstone's Home Rule position, and their boldness must win them many friends, if only by the contrast between their courage and the timidity of Balfour. As for Lord Kitchener, he seems to have bowed to the inevitable with all possible grace; at least he has not asked for his recall, as did Lord Curzon when he was overruled. The closing of the incident leaves Curzon in a stronger position than ever, and will strengthen the belief held in many quarters that, if he has health and strength, a great future is before him.

It is seldom that an English city is hauled up by the courts for municipal trading *ultra vires*. Some years ago the London County Council was forbidden to run omnibuses in competition with private owners. It was held that this was an application of taxes and public funds to unauthorized purposes. A similar decision has recently been made, limiting the powers of the "Manchester Corporation Tramways Parcels Express." That corporation had undertaken to do a general express business, not only within Manchester, but with all parts of the United Kingdom. It quoted rates to Liverpool, held itself out as an agent for all railway companies, and also accepted "traffic for abroad." This business has now been held by Mr. Justice Farwell to exceed the powers of the Corporation. It is not authorized, the court decided, to operate beyond the lines of its own tramways. All this, of course, leaves municipal ownership and municipal operation undisturbed in Manchester; but the suit itself is a sign that, even in England, there is a feeling that the business has been overdone. Ratepayers there are suspecting, too, that the impaired borrowing powers of their cities are not wholly unrelated to municipal ownership.

A bill for old-age pensions has passed the French Chamber of Deputies. This is the first serious step towards fulfilling the promise made by Waldeck-Rousseau, seven years ago, when he organized the famous "Cabinet of Republican defence." The pledge was the price of support from the Socialists of the Chamber; it was probably given in the hope that the debt need never be liquidated. The measure was postponed from time to time, on the ground that the budget would not stand the strain; it has now taken a form by which the Treasury at least seems to be relieved of the greater part of the burden. The laborer and the employer contribute annually a percentage of the wage, and the Government makes up any deficiency in a pension which is to be sixty francs a month, falling due at the age of sixty-five. As a financial proposal, this is evidently open to grave objections. Though nominally outside the Treasury, the contributions of workman and employer are none the less a tax. The engagement of the Treasury is wholly incalculable, because it is very difficult to estimate either the number of pensioners or the extra-budgetary contributions. In fact, the discussion of the bill has been conducted with a fine disregard for mere figures. The other day the provisional pension granted pending the establishment of the permanent fund was raised from 50 to 120 francs, involving an increase on this score from 48,000,000 to at least 115,000,000 francs.

Of course, the establishment of a new department and the entrance of the Government into the business of insurance do not appear to be evils in centralized France. Graver objections are felt in the clashing of the new project with the workingmen's insurance societies and the retiring pensions voluntarily offered by many employers of labor. Some attempt has been made to consider these existing institutions in drafting the bill, but it is clear that the adjustment is a delicate one. Retiring pensions are very common in the better class of French business and manufacturing houses. Obviously, no business concern is going to pay the Government levy without reducing its own insurance reserve. In some cases there will be the temptation to abolish private funds, and simply pay the pension tax as the cheaper. An even weightier objection to the bill is that it burdens the Government with charges readily incurred, but hardly revocable. What popular Government has ever dared shorten the supply of bread and circuses, once granted? All these drawbacks will be carefully considered in the French Senate, for French statesmanship is not above the expedient of hurriedly passing a popular measure through the lower house, in order that the upper house may quietly let it die, and incidentally shoulder any resulting post-mortem unpopularity.

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THE INSURANCE REPORT.

In the notable review of its work by the Armstrong insurance committee presented to the Legislature on Thursday, public interest will be divided between the very comprehensive summary of the facts elicited and the committee's proposals for reform. The summary of the evidence—considering the number and complexity of the points brought out in the testimony—is an achievement of extraordinary skill; we commend to every one interested in the insurance question the perusal of every word of it. People who have become somewhat confused as to exactly what was established by the committee's four months of exhaustive inquiry will rise from that reading, not only with interest in the whole situation keenly stimulated, but with a sense of ability to frame intelligent judgment on the propositions of reform.

Throughout the investigation, public attention has converged on five main questions. The problem whether some check could be applied to the portentous expansion of capital resources, under control of a single group of men, possibly stood first. The manner in which insurance surpluses should hereafter be invested was a consideration next in importance; it involved the questions of participation in Wall Street promoting schemes, ownership of other banking institutions, and "syndicate operations" by trustees as individuals, in common with their company. The problems of how control by policyholders might in a mutual company be made effective, of how the "deferred dividend" policy should be dealt with, and of how to abate the evils of life companies' meddling in politics, followed after. The committee's report embodies a thorough discussion of these important matters. The report is also, and most fortunately, as bold and explicit in its recommendations as it is comprehensive in its scope. Perhaps the most unhappy outcome of the insurance episode would have been a feeble or faltering body of recommendations by the committee, which would have left the Legislature to wrangle over a host of crude and conflicting makeshifts proposed from outside quarters. Nor, in our judgment, does the committee err on the side of rash or radical suggestions. Much the greater part of what it recommends will command at once the united support of intelligent public opinion.

The committee properly refers to the stupendous growth of the three largest companies as an evil in itself. In the race for financial size and power, extravagance in management has been increasingly promoted. Wasteful methods, employed to get new business at any cost, have imposed a heavy burden on the legitimate clients of the companies. This very magnitude of business and resources, the committee shows, "makes the question of responsible control and conservative management one of extreme difficulty." The committee recommends that the new business to be annually done by an insurance company be hereafter limited to $150,000,000. This figure is obtained on the basis of reports showing that, in the three great companies, termination of policies in 1904, through death, maturity, lapse, or other causes, ranged from $129,125,280 to $162,326,114. This absolute limitation the committee would apply to companies with more than $1,000,000,000 insurance now in force; with smaller companies, they advise restriction of a year's new business to a fixed percentage of outstanding insurance. We imagine that this part of the report will incur more general criticism than the others. Hitherto plans for restriction of indefinite growth have most commonly evoked the expedient of forbidding, not acceptance of further business after a given limit, but solicitation of business under such conditions. With the limit reached, a company may not seek to place new insurance, but may accept such applications as come spontaneously before it. We are not prepared to say that the committee's plan is inadvisable, but some objections to it certainly occur to us, from the standpoint of the policyholder himself.

The committee's recommendations regarding investment of insurance funds will probably be described as radical. But truly radical treatment of the question was required. If anything was plainly proved by last year's investigation to be a necessary reform, it was that life companies should be prohibited from holding shares in other enterprises. Ownership of subsidiary institutions has been denounced by insurance committees of inquiry during a quarter of a century; the practice, in the Equitable's case, was unqualifiedly censured by the Frick report, and nowhere did the Armstrong investigation prove more objectionable and demoralizing practices to exist. There is, in our judgment, no remedy for the evil other than complete abolition of the practice. The committee's proposal that five years be allowed the companies to dispose of their holdings of these and other stocks, ensures quite sufficiently against disturbance of the markets. The committee very wisely declares that application of the "savings-bank restrictions" to insurance investments would not be advisable; it proposes no restriction whatever on investment in bonds, except the exclusion of the so-called "collateral trust bond"— a recent device whose entire security is stock bought up through the proceeds of the bond. The report's very positive recommendations that all "syndicate participations" by insurance companies be prohibited, and that no officer or director shall be pecuniarily interested in any purchase, sale, or loan of his company, will be approved by every intelligent man who followed last year's testimony.

The practically important part of the committee's proposals regarding control of insurance corporations lies in its plan to authorize independent nominations at the hands of any group of one hundred policyholders, to require the companies to include all such candidates on ballots officially circulated by them, and to require that lists of policyholders be made accessible. It is possible that this plan will be further defined in subsequent discussion; what will at once attract attention is the committee's recommendation that, in order to give full scope to the new plan of voting, all of this year's annual meetings be postponed to November 15, within which time independent campaigns would be practicable. The bearing of this proposition on the present Mutual Life situation is too obvious to need statement.

With the committee's conclusion that issue of the so-called "deferred dividend policies" should hereafter be absolutely forbidden, we are in entire agreement. In common with all disinterested expert opinion with which we have come in contact, we believe these policies, and the virtual non-accountability of a company which writes them, to be very largely the root of past abuses. The committee's proposal that political contributions by the companies be made a penal offence, will equally, we think, meet with the cordial endorsement of right-thinking men. So, too, of the plan to create a body of authorized and duly licensed "legislative counsel," through whose employment, officially declared and described, the lobbyist of the Andrew C. Fields and Andrew Hamilton type will, in insurance legislation, be made a thing of the past.

THE CONFUSION AT WASHINGTON.

Since Hamlet and Laertes changed rapiers, there has been no more dramatic shift than that by which the bill of the Republican President has been put in charge of the Democratic minority in the Senate. The result is to throw parties into confusion, to perplex counsels, and to set political leaders at cross purposes. As if the stories of Aldrich's break with Mr. Roosevelt were not tragic enough, the painful news comes that Lodge's friendly magnanimity in bearing with the President's vagaries has at last been stretched to the breaking-point. The Massachusetts Senator lets it be known that he cannot approve Mr. Roosevelt in the embrace of Senator Tillman. His real grievance, however, goes deeper. The President is reported to have said in his jaunty way that he could go right into Massachusetts and beat Lodge. This, of course, is simply horrible. The supposition that anybody could rival Senator Lodge in the respect and affection of the people of Mas-

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sachusetts, must be, as the Greek Grammar says, a "supposition contrary to fact."

Into such sacred personal sorrows we cannot enter. But the party wrangling threatens to make the public interest suffer. There is an unhappy competition for the "credit" of the railway bill, without due inquiry whether it is going to be creditable to anybody to pass it in its present form. The President is said to take the position that the country will recognize the bill as his, in any event, and that he need not care a button if it is passed under Democratic auspices. Meanwhile an acute discussion has sprung up over the question whether a "nationalized" Democratic club ought to speak of Mr. Roosevelt as a "born Democrat." If he is, it must be said that, like the man in the Scriptures who was created upright, he has since "sought out many inventions." But the real Democrats at Washington are pluming themselves, and with reason, on their skilful management. Their opponents were reckoning complacently on a split in the Democratic minority, when, lo! it was the Republicans who suddenly appeared torn into warring factions. The President is naturally blamed for this; but he might well retort that those who are responsible for party divisions are the ones who think that man was made for party, not party for man. Yet it is clear that the tactical advantage rests with the Democrats, who are plainly profiting by the new and skilful leadership of Senator Bailey. They now have a good opportunity to show what they can do in the way of constructive legislation.

Much will depend upon Senator Tillman. His erratic course and tempestuous speech have not concealed his real abilities. Entering the Senate as a sort of "wild man," he has remained to gain the respect of its ablest members for his knowledge, industry, and honesty. If he could be kept from the passionate outburst and violent invective which too often disfigure his public addresses, he might easily make for himself a great reputation. Some of his friends are saying that he will rise to the height of his present opportunity, and by wise and restrained handling of the railway bill, now placed in his charge, will show that he has in him the elements of statesmanship. But his skilled antagonists know perfectly his weak points. They understand his temptation to pose as an extreme radical and to rant as such; they know how to goad him to fury; and it would not be surprising, therefore, if the Senate were to see the effort made to pass the Hepburn bill by a joint brandishing of the Big Stick and the Pitchfork.

Beyond all such considerations lies the unfortunate fact that the clamor and controversy about the dubious parts of the Hepburn bill are diverting public attention from its meritorious features. The latter are acknowledged and uncontested, yet they are almost forgotten in the embittered dispute over the conferring of the rate-making power upon the Interstate Commerce Commission. In his speech in the House, Representative Mann of Illinois enumerated no less than ten great improvements proposed in the bill, irrespective of rate-fixing. These include an enlarged definition of "common carrier" and also of "railroad," so as to bring under the latter all terminal facilities as well as storage, icing, ventilation in transit, etc.; abolition of the "midnight tariff" by requiring thirty days' public notice of a change; provision that charges for refrigeration shall be separately stated; a plan for uniform accounts and for the rigid prevention of secret rebates. Now, these clauses of the bill represent the real demand of the people for railway legislation by Congress. The actual grievances of shippers—merchants and farmers—are here covered. Railway rates *per se* have not been complained of extensively, but the discriminating rate, the collusive and corrupt rebate, the disguised charge, sharp practices in circumventing the Interstate Commerce law. These abuses are struck at in the Hepburn bill as effectively as they can be by any statute, probably, yet, by an unhappy "Presidential non-sequitur," as Congressman McCall described it, these great reforms, practically non-contentious as they are, have been too much tied up with the fate of a clause which has little to do directly with the wrongs that are mentioned above, and which is in itself so ambiguous and so doubtfully Constitutional that it endangers the whole legislation.

Senator Knox has given it as his opinion that the rate-making section of the Hepburn bill is, as drawn, certain to be held by the Supreme Court unconstitutional. As to its actual working, if legal, two impartial students of railway problems have recently expressed grave doubts. President Hadley thinks that the proposal to make the decision of the Commission final in all questions of fact is "illogical and impractical." And Professor Ripley of Harvard, in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, comes to the conclusion, after an exhaustive study of the natural history of railway ratemaking, that the "American railway practice" is one of "essential soundness"; that there is danger in "arbitrary administrative interference"; and that "the main activity of any Governmental commission should be directed towards settlements out of court, with as little exercise of mandatory power as possible."

A MUSEUM PROGRAMME.

After a year of deliberation, the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have formulated a comprehensive policy which is embodied in their annual report. This document is likely to have a permanent interest. It has a limited and topical interest also because it is, in effect, what our ancestors would have called a counterblast to the ideas of museum management in favor at Boston. The Metropolitan Museum takes the ground that its function is primarily educational, both as regards artists, artisans, and students of the history of art. To æsthetic considerations it will give all the weight compatible with its main object. It will, however, welcome gifts of reproductions where originals are not available; will copy famous interiors as setting for original exhibits of the period, and, finally, will for the future give more persistent and systematic attention to the industrial arts.

Here is matter that in a column's space can merely be touched upon. For the promise of activity in the field of the applied arts, everybody should be grateful. Museums are still too much under the tyranny of eighteenth-century definitions of the "sublime and the beautiful." Any policy that makes us realize that the standards for the so-called fine and for the industrial arts are identical, is a wholesome policy. In any normally creative period, the difference between decorating a spoon-handle and a cathedral is chiefly quantitative. The chief mission of Japanese art to that of the West has been to prove that the principles of design are universal, and that segregation by material or intention is generally misleading. The important thing is quality, whether conveyed by pewter, pigment, or bricks and mortar. One may fairly rejoice that our accumulations are not so excessive but that all the arts may still be exhibited under one roof.

Of course, devotion to the applied arts has its particular pitfalls. The danger is that of confusing ethnological with artistic values, of seeking what is merely old and curious instead of what is really fine. Already the Metropolitan Museum possesses an old telegraphic instrument, not to mention the swords and medals presented to Gen. Grant in his famous trip around the world. Now, in some museum or another these objects might well find a place; that place is emphatically not an art museum. One can successfully gather a collection in the industrial arts only upon condition of maintaining standards quite as rigorous as those applied to painting and sculpture. That practically such standards will be adopted one may assume, while wishing that, for the sake of the record, the report made more specific statements on this head.

The matter of art reproductions is more contestable. No student of the arts can deny their value when carefully made; on the proper method of exhibiting them a wide diversity of opinion ex-

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ists. Undoubtedly, the ideal plan is to segregate them in special museums, like the Trocadéro in Paris. To do this in America would leave whole departments of our museums practically empty. On the other hand, to show reproductions side by side with originals is at best a necessary evil. It is an arrangement confusing to the judgment of the layman and fatiguing to the special student. One may except, perhaps, a few examples of actual facsimiles or copies of high grade. Electrotypes of metal objects, casts of the Herculaneum bronzes, Armand-Durand's extraordinary copies of ancient prints, are surely desirable objects for any museum that cannot secure the corresponding originals. On the other hand, many kinds of copies, especially ordinary plaster casts of originals in finer materials, seem so calculated to blunt the sense of quality in the layman that many consider them suitable only for the special student. Be that as it may, any museum that is growing rapidly should be progressively getting rid of reproductions, and if the Metropolitan Museum accumulates copies in profusion, it will be virtually preparing the way for some American Trocadéro of the future. That goal is by no means an unworthy one, but it is a question whether greater simplicity of aim is not preferable for present purposes.

As for reproducing historic interiors after the example of the National Museum at Munich, we are for going slowly. Surely, the advanced student of art history would find no profit whatever in such examples of stage carpentry. His best materials lie in photographic reproductions and the plates of standard archæological volumes. Of course, the man in the street would gratify a certain curiosity, and the craftsman get a hint from such an interior. But, for the artisan, small models are actually more useful. These are relatively inexpensive and often of great merit. Genuine interior decorations the Museum may be glad to transfer to its home; old woodwork and other decorative fragments may at times be very usefully built into the galleries; but to reproduce whole interiors, when such cheap and superior substitutes as the small model, the photograph, and the lantern slide are available, would, many believe, be the very poorest economy, to raise no larger issue. We should welcome the fullest collections of ancient furniture and fittings, anything that brings home poignantly the sense of times more artistic than our own.

With the spirit of the report, taken broadly, we are in thorough sympathy. This statement of the trustees gives the soundest assurances that the future policy of the Museum will be thorough, cautious, and scholarly. The presence of such connoisseurs as Dr. Robinson and Mr. Fry on the staff is a guarantee that art-historical ideals will be pursued in no narrow spirit, but with proper consideration of æsthetic ideals. On another occasion, we expressed admiration for an ideal of museum management more selective than that which is proposed at Central Park East. We believe that the museum of the future will, as a matter of fact, necessarily become rather anthological in its public exhibits than comprehensive. But the time is not ripe for such an advance in New York. In fact, by the form of its buildings and its traditional policy, the Metropolitan Museum is committed to educational and art-historical ideals. Along these lines there are years of work in sight, before the completion of which any general change of policy would be premature. It would be absurd to apply rigidly æsthetic principles in a museum that is still in process of being brought up to the standards of art history. The present report to the trustees deserves study, not as an ideal programme of museum policy, but as a sober and thoughtful statement of the policy that is practically best, considering the past of the Metropolitan Museum and the present conditions of art in New York.

THE NEW FRENCH ACADEMICIAN.

"They order this matter better in France." What the Englishman does without understanding and the German understands without doing, the Frenchman makes the meeting-ground of thought and action, of literature and life. There is for this reason more than passing significance in the election of Maurice Barrès to the Académie Française. His progress from an individualist to a traditionalist, to use the awkward terms, receives a kind of sanction as expressing a national, indeed, European, movement. With Brunetière and Anatole France he shows how literature in France reflects the desperate efforts of the people to escape from the *impasse* to which the individualism of the Revolution had brought them.

By individualism is not meant the right of each person to develop naturally, without the dwarfing and warping of petrified custom, nor yet the inevitable and wholesome law of competition, but that absence of all higher sense of union between man and man which led to a weary and morbid egotism and to complete moral irresponsibility. This was the kind of individualism which the French, as the most logical of nations, developed into a theory of life and too often practised. This was the *culte du moi* of which Barrès, as a young and brilliant writer, made himself the high priest and won many disciples. He was the accepted psychologist of the *Déracinés*. And it is in this sense that his career may be called, as Paul Bourget points out in the *Figaro*, the tragedy of individualism. As he grew in experience he was more and more impressed by the terrible isolation and impotence into which his logic was dragging him—for it cannot be said too often that in France literature and life move together hand in hand. In one of his earlier monologues, named significantly "Affaissement," he exclaims:

> "Je n'ai plus d'énergie, mais à la sensibilité violente d'un enfant je joins une clairvoyance dès longtemps avertie. . . . *Ce n'est pas de conseils, c'est de force et de fécondité spirituelle que j'ai besoin!*"

And he observed with increasing alarm this paradox of French society, that the more deeply the doctrine of individualism (the false individualism, we must always remember) sank into public consciousness, the smaller became the actual number of vigorous individuals. As M. Bourget expresses it: "This age of extreme 'personalism' thus finds itself an age of personalities more and more incompetent, more and more anæmic."

Thereupon M. Barrès began to examine into the matter. He observed that his personal experience was in conformity with the teachings of history. Both showed that the theory of individualism was directly contrary to the growth of a strong individuality. Something was wrong in his definition of individuality. He had looked upon the individual as a *phénomène premier*, as a thing independent and supported by itself, whereas it turns out to be a *phénomène conditionné*. This *ego* which he proposed to cultivate and pamper, did not spring up of itself beyond the limitations of time and space, but was the result of accumulated hereditary influences, and could develop harmoniously only by following these tendencies implanted in it from an unknown past, and by making itself one with the people and the land which had grown up under similar influences. From being an exemplar of the individualists, M. Barrès thus became the leader of the traditionalists. From the *culte du moi* he passed to the *religion du sol natal*, to a childlike acceptance of the thoughts and sentiments transmitted by the earlier generations who had in turn received them from the land itself, with its physical features and its immemorial history. He felt the appeal of those unconscious sources of energy, drank in a new faith in the mysterious virtues of the race, and learned to reverence that august silence of the heart through which the voices of the dead speak and are heard. He was no longer unrooted, but deep-rooted to the earth.

M. Bourget expounds all this with his customary fineness of analysis. He does not, however, point out the relation of this conversion to the recent defections of Brunetière and Anatole France. All three of these men, who stand at the very head of French literature, have sought, each in his own way, a refuge

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from the intolerable oppression of that kind of individualism which grew politically out of the Revolution and literarily out of Romanticism. They all saw that some new bond of union must be found to link men together, that the isolation of utter skepticism and self-worship was but a stage of death. Brunetière, in whom the logical generalizing faculties predominated, turned to the rigid dogmas of Catholicism for relief, his conversion to that faith being more a matter of intellect than of religion. He became a reactionary, and his present aim is to associate men by submission to a common and infallible creed. In Anatole France the spirit of skepticism was too strong to permit such a conversion as had already come to his constant foe in literary criticism. On the contrary, he was swept away by the socialistic movement which undertakes to unite men through the levelling process of economic laws. It is significant that the avowed exponent of intellectual indifferentism should thus have fallen a prey to what is probably the most impracticable theory of social union yet promulgated. How M. Barrès looked to traditionalism for relief, we have already shown.

The attitude of these three leaders of thought is no freakish pose on their part. It represents one of the deepest needs of the age, and shows itself with that logical precision and courage of conviction which are an inherent part of the French character.

FURTHER NOTES ON MEXICO.

JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
February, 1906.

About the time of the death of Maximilian and the restoration of Mexican independence, a man arose ready for his opportunity—Gabinus Barreda, a Mexican, born in Puebla in 1824, educated in law and medicine in Mexico City, who had been studying under Auguste Comte in Paris. Enthusiastically adopting the Positivist scheme of knowledge, and with it its negative attitude — "positively negative," we should add, as Comtist writers demonstrate fully—towards metaphysics and all the children of the subjective point of view, such as psychology, he was just the man to seize the chance to carry out the Positivist programme in a comprehensive scheme of education. As head of the commission of 1867 he was given a free hand to reorganize the national education, including the curriculum of the Preparatory School. This school had hitherto furnished a typical and intrinsically the most important illustration of the vicissitudes of a private foundation, gradually dying from poverty and maladministration, while occasionally galvanized into life by Government aid. It finally passed over to the national Government, as did so many other institutions whose loss of private autonomy served to swell the tide of nationalization. The Preparatory School became the official embodiment of the policies of national education pursued by the successive ministers. And in Barreda the time was come for the Positivist novelties to have their "innings."

In the result, these novelties did have their "innings." Barreda drew up a curriculum based *in extenso* on Comte's classification of the sciences in a hierarchy of logical comprehension: chemistry based on physics, physiology on chemistry, etc., through all the stages of development now so familiar to us. Beneath all this was the Comtean platform also—the recognition only of those disciplines (the Positive Sciences) which grow up by objective observation and experiment. These studies, thus exclusively recognized, were distributed through a five years' curriculum, each subject running a full year; and the only departures from the strictly logical order, as prescribed by the Positivist rubrics, were the overlapping and lack of consecutiveness due to the limitation to five years. Metaphysics and theology were abolished; with them psychology proper and ethics of the "subjective" or immediate sort; and the only "moral" and humanistic studies were those called by Comte "sociology," viz., history and "objective morals." Crowning all was "logic," a chair in which Barreda himself took his seat—having before this taught law, medicine, and physics. "Logic" was the defence, the justification and amplification of the Comtist thesis of Positivism, worked out in theories of science, history, and education, together with the logic of inductive science as given in J. S. Mill's 'Logic.' Barreda for some years held this structure together, despite the assaults of the humanists and more particularly of the utilitarians, by force of the personal expositions and arguments given in his lectures. The fate of departments previously central in the educational scheme is revealed in the fact that the classical languages were neglected, except the study of "roots," considered likely to be useful to medical men, lawyers, etc.! Such a scheme, apart from the philosophical basis of it, is more or less familiar to us in the courses offered in some of the "scientific" schools of our own country. In Mexico the example was followed more or less closely in many of the confederated States in which schools of the "college" grade were founded. Indeed, higher education in Mexico is to-day decidedly "Comtean," both in theory and in practice.

I may not follow up the fortunes of Barreda's institution. The modifications introduced under succeeding ministries were, however, mostly motived by utility. Dentists and veterinarians could not see the need of spending years in the study of botany, sociology, and the Comtean logic; and the Government had to heed the demand for short-cuts to the professions. The successive reorganizations, however, have not changed the basis of the curriculum, which remains definitely scientific and Comtean. The principal changes were made in the reorganization of 1896, under Minister Baranda, when the present Sub-Secretary, Sr. Chavez, secured the introduction of semestral units in place of the yearly units, and was thus able to correlate and articulate the studies much more rationally. His own ideas, together with a full history of the movement started by Barreda, are to be found in his excellent monograph on 'Mexico, Its Social Evolution.'

Apart from its interest to students of philosophical and educational history, this Comtean incident illustrates the initiative and independence of strong men in Mexico. No "home-products" cry nor protests from vested interests could prevent a Barreda the politician from carrying out the plans of Barreda the philosopher and reformer. And a less superficial examination convinces us that, for the Mexico of to-day, exhibiting the economic and political moments of progress that it does, a Positivistic and scientific, a pragmatic and directly utilitarian, education of the mass of the students is best for the State. The motives of poverty, widespread illiteracy, urgency of competition with outsiders, principally Americans, must be for some time to come controlling, where the problems are those of the development of mining and agricultural resources and the training of men to administer still undeveloped States. One is somewhat surprised when first told that there is in the Government a Ministry of "Fomento," promotion! Yet in California the "promotion bureau" is a familiar fact; and our Government is establishing departments of commerce, labor, immigration, etc., that partake of the "promotion" idea. Mexico may be glad that at a blow Barreda destroyed the plants of classical, linguistic and theological mediævalism—all but the "roots"! Otherwise there would have been the long fight we are still waging to destroy the linguistic fetish that remains enthroned in many of our educational temples.

I have already referred to the reform wrought in finance by the present Government. The part of President Diaz appears in his robust—some say "dictatorial"—use of his judgment; I think "robust" is the better term, because it is part of his judgment to get the best advisers. He entrusted the financial reforms to Limantour, a native Parisian, and he has just constituted the board of "controllers" of finance of nine men, five of them foreigners. Foreigners are called in with remarkable broad-mindedness and wisdom. The director of the School of Fine Arts is none other than the distinguished Spanish painter, Fabres. It is expected that the new university will be equipped with the best men, regardless of nationality.

President Diaz is at present working out a policy of railway control which he himself thinks will anticipate the problems President Roosevelt is now dealing with. The prime idea is to have the Government itself own either a competing line or the controlling interest in a single line wherever combination would be likely to destroy competition. It is in pursuance of this policy that the Mexican National is made to compete with the Mexican Central, and that the charter of the new Tehuantepec Trans-Isthmian Railway reserves to the Government at least one-half of the stock. The President's plans for the further development of railway facilities, particularly in the west-coast direction, are truly fine, and he takes justifiable pride in referring to it. In a conversation on the subject, in answer to my question as to the possible invasion of Mexico by our railway magnates, he pithily remarked.—"They may suck the sugar, but they shall not bite it!"

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Among the projects in which he is deeply interested is that of the construction of a great inland harbor, with docking facilities at Salina Cruz, the Pacific outlet of the Tehuantepec Railway. When completed, at enormous expense, it is expected that this line of trade will be a first-rate competitor with the Panama Canal; and it will have the advantage of being established and doing business first. Such schemes show both daring and wisdom, and only a Government of robust judgment and of really dictatorial powers could have compassed them as the Diaz Government has done.

Another line of policy illustrating "robustness" tempered by "moderation" is that adopted in the administration of the religious Reform Laws of 1863. In consequence of the moderation of the policy of suppression of the Catholic orders, there is to-day no strong Conservative opposition party in Mexico; everybody is Liberal. The orders as such are suppressed; no more than three persons bound by religious oaths can live together; no gatherings, processions, religious demonstrations of any kind are allowed in the open air—hence the absence of the Salvation Army from Mexico; but the charitable agencies, the female orders whose work is socially valuable and of merciful intent, still do their work, and their modes of life and system of organization, when motived by such ends, are not too closely inquired into.

The quality of moderation is indeed that which most forcefully strikes the observer of recent happenings. Among the events of great importance of the last year in the internal affairs of Mexico was the abolition of the Free Zone. The Free Zone was a strip of country on the Texas border, in which, by an enactment long in force, the tariff duties on imports from the United States were merely nominal. The economics of this policy was based on the expectation that this strip of territory, having practical free trade with the States to the north, would develop with them in many material ways—manufacturing, mining, etc.; the conditions of import of raw material, manufactured tools, building materials, machinery, etc., being those of free trade. But this expectation failed utterly; I have no space to discuss the reasons why. The policy amounted simply to granting sectional legislation to this zone, with no corresponding advantage to the country at large. Now it has happened this year that President Diaz has voluntarily surrendered a certain prerogative whereby the Executive might decree modifications of the national tariff; but, before surrendering it, his last act under it was the abolition of the Free Zone, by a decree to go into effect the following day! In a certain state paper recently printed it was said, with beautiful directness, that such suddenness and celerity in starting the new order was necessary for urgent reasons of public welfare. One does not have to use much imagination to supply the "reasons." Think what would follow upon a proposal to change preferential legislation of any sort in the United States, be it sectional (such as a change in our Chinese exclusion law), or industrial (such as a change in the sugar schedule). Once decreed, and in effect the following day, this reform marked a robust act of judgment; and it is said that the support of the "Free Zoners" themselves testifies to the moderation that made such an act the last of its kind by voluntary surrender. Only the vested interests of the territory were greatly stirred up.

Reflecting on this sort of government, one may say, "After me the deluge!"—and, of course, on a plane polished by the continuous action of a glacial mass moving in one direction, floods are possible. But one finds that the Mexicans have no such fear. They have now so large, well-chosen, and well-organized a force of able public men that things seem stable. Moreover, had one the chance to do so, certain more profound reasons might be expounded for thinking that things are stable. Diaz has been President, with but four years' intermission, since 1877; his robustnesses have been matched by his moderations; and the political student has a right to expect that a third of a century of such amazing accretion to the "funded contents" of the national life will be not only a monument to a man, but also the permanent body of a great State.

J. Mark Baldwin.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS IN LONDON.

London, January 20, 1906.

The Arts and Crafts Society opens an exhibition in London only once in every three years. Now that the giving of exhibitions is so overdone in London, as everywhere else, this shows admirable restraint, and the Society should be given the credit it deserves. But the policy is one burdened with responsibilities. In three years craftsmen have time for much good work and many experiments; the longer the interval between exhibitions, the more is to be expected of the exhibitors. "Much may happen in three years," Mr. Walter Crane, President of the Society, writes in his "Foreword" to the Catalogue; "and movements and phases in art seem to quicken their pace in our time, and are more rapid, both in their appearances and disappearances, perhaps, than ever before." From the exhibition that has just opened at the Grafton Gallery, one has therefore every right to expect a great deal in the way of good work, and more in evidence of the present tendencies and manner of development of the arts and crafts in England.

But to go to the Grafton Gallery with this expectation, it must be confessed, is to be grievously disappointed. People who are interested in the subject can hardly deny their disappointment. In finding a reason for it some may regret the arrangement of the exhibition, many good things, they say, having been thrust into corners, sacrificed to the decorative effect of the collection as a whole; others suggest that the Society, in the eighteen years of its existence, has so well fulfilled its mission that the general standard has been raised throughout the country, and we are no longer struck with work we should have thought far above the average at the start. That explanations are made, however, only proves the need of them. But I think when the work is examined, it will be found in itself to account for all the disappointment. If the general average is higher, and I am not by any means sure it is, signs of individuality are fewer; you cannot hide the larger exhibits, like the big pieces of furniture, the cartoons for stained glass, and so on; and if any strong tendency is revealed, it is in the readiness of certain exhibitors to stoop to the popular fads of the moment, and of the Society to grant them a prominence hardly justified by the quality of their performance. Let me explain.

In the beginning, when William Morris was the great power and the leading influence in the Society, much space was devoted to the crafts to which he had paid special attention. There were sure to be carpets, wall-papers, silk and crétonne hangings, stuffs of many kinds, even tapestries on memorable occasions. There might be plenty of reason for criticism—the products even of the Merton workshops were not always above reproach. But at least there was activity, a healthy striving, and often fine accomplishment in some of the most important decorative arts—the very arts that were in sorest straits at the moment of reaction against Victorian insipidity, Victorian vulgarity—the very arts upon which the seemliness of our daily life depends. And how are they now represented? I have discovered only one or two examples of carpet, and they were of no marked character, one way or the other. The wall hangings, save for a few stray examples here and there, are restricted chiefly to the printed cottons and linens by Mr. Lewis F. Day, pleasant in color, sound and simple in design, looking all the better for being well arranged together so that some sort of comparative idea can be had of them, but not of very great distinction. Occasional designs for wall-papers, hung separately, lost in a mess of cartoons and embroidered and decorative panels, have left with me no impression whatever. As for the furniture, there is a fair array of it, but nothing of real note. Tables, chairs, sideboards, desks, either follow old models so precisely as to be little more than copies—and it is then, to be honest, I like them best—or else they rush into exaggerations which I have been told I should not mind because they are without a trace of the swirls and whirligigs and absurdities of *L'Art Nouveau*, but which I find as restless and affected and foolishly self-conscious in their own way, as conducive to nightmare.

There is, for example, a dresser designed on harmless primitive principles by Mr. W. R. Lethaby, simple enough in form, but painted all over by Mr. Alfred H. Powell with a design so violent in its sharp greens, so broken in pattern, that it fairly jumps at you as you go in the gallery, and it is long before you can readjust your vision so as to see anything else. To have it always in the room with you where you eat, would be to suffer from chronic indigestion until the London smoke and the London grime had dulled it. There is also a sideboard, designed by Mr. George Jack, that, though in a much more ambitious way and with much more costly materials, shows something of the same defects of forced color and restless design; curves and twists and inlays wherever there is a chance for them, and the inlays arranged into a large florid pattern with none of the refinement which craftsmen, even in England, once knew how to give to their furniture. The glass is better, though there is not much of it, and it is sent by Messrs.

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Powell, the excellence of whose work is not of to-day. The pottery, too, is interesting, or that which comes from the Ruskin Pottery in Birmingham, and, more particularly, from the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company near Manchester, where recent experiments with glazes by Mr. Joseph Burton and Mr. William Burton have led to some results of genuine technical importance. I wish I could say as much for the brass and metal work. It is extraordinary that the new need for electric fittings, for instance, has so far produced mostly abortions, things one would not be willing to have in one's house. The best attempt I can recall is nothing more nor less than a new version of the beautiful old Dutch lamp, the lines ruined with every variation from the original. However, in all these different sections, the work, good or bad, is at least serious, designed and executed by practical craftsmen. They may be mistaken in their experiments, they may be trivial in their standards, they may be feeble in their workmanship; but they are craftsmen who have been trained in their craft—workmen who are at work and not at play, and who make you realize this in what they do.

It is another matter when you turn to some of the other exhibitors and their exhibits. In the sections which have been contributed to most largely and liberally I seem to be conscious of the amateur everywhere. Take, above all, the jewelry. A few years ago there was seldom more than enough to fill two or three or four cases, and if much of it was affected in its deliberate roughness and rudeness, it was also, as a rule, the work of artists with some sense of the quality and possibilities of their materials, with some feeling for pattern and color. For one reason or another, their jewelry became the fashion. Unfortunately, the roughness they cultivated as a virtue was only too easy to emulate. Besides, they made elaborate use of enamel, and it would be difficult for the merest dabbler in enamels not to get some agreeable passages of color out of his crudest experiments. As a consequence, innumerable people, mostly women, set to work producing jewelry. Enamels blossomed forth in every small studio and every small show; ornaments even a peasant might have thought coarse were supplied in a quantity for which I earnestly hope there was no corresponding demand. The thing grew into a positive nuisance. But now, here also at the Arts and Crafts, there are cases upon cases of necklaces and brooches and combs and rings that make you go back with relief to the ordinary jewelry of commerce as you see it displayed in Bond Street shops. Of course, in such an enormous assortment a great deal reveals technical skill and intelligence and finer qualities still. Mr. Alexander Fisher in his enamels and silver work, Mr. Paul Cooper in his jewelry, are artists both. But there is far more that never should have been produced at all, much less shown; that never would have been, probably, had not the "new" jewelry offered an easy way to the exhibitors who wanted to be in "the movement" and to be paid for it at the same time. I do not know upon what principle this mediocre stuff was accepted by the selecting committee in such excessive quantities that the exhibition looks like nothing so much as a huge bazaar. The worst of it is that an artist like Mr. Harry Wilson, who has really done admirable things, is not represented. Nor is Mr. Nelson Dawson, who is in a great measure responsible for the whole movement, but whose work, though it has never equalled Mr. Wilson's in refinement and delicacy, often has charm and beauty.

The making of books has suffered from the same causes as the making of jewelry. Kelmscott and Birmingham have much to answer for as leaders of mere fashions. There are innumerable examples of printing and illustration and book-binding, among them many of merit and distinction. The work of the Chiswick Press is usually excellent; the type good, the pages well spaced, the titles well balanced, the fact that the chief end of a book is to be read never lost sight of. The Doves Press also turns out good work, though there I fancy the beauty of a book to look at is considered more than the convenience and comfort of the reader. Here and there are interesting illustrations, none more amusing and more technically accomplished than M. Lucien Pissarro's color prints. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's book-bindings have dignity and sobriety, and never flaunt their originality in your face. But in too many of the exhibits in this section affectation or a feeble amateurishness is a more obvious quality. The trail of Kelmscott is over it all, and the Birmingham conventions, now that Birmingham clings to them less persistently, seem to have set the standard for the illustrations. The shadow of the fad falls too heavily over the beautiful book as it is made to-day; modern conditions and improvements are the last things remembered.

Mr. Crane, referring in his "Foreword" to crafts that are "rather the especial growth of recent years of revival," mentions calligraphy and illumination. But growth seems to me the last word to be used in this connection. Had it not been for William Morris, amusing himself after his own fashion in his leisure hours, there surely never would have been such a revival. For beautiful and splendid as the old illuminated manuscripts were and are, the craft that created them is one that has had its day, that was killed forever by the printing-press. It may be the fad of a few people to-day to add to their libraries modern specimens, but it does not follow that, therefore, this craft will ever again develop into a healthy living one. It cannot as long as conditions are what they are. And yet, in the self-conscious revival of the old arts and crafts, we find even schools like the London County Council Technical Schools, that ought to be of all things practical, running classes of calligraphy and illumination, and sending examples to the present exhibition.

I have said nothing of the cartoons for stained glass, but it is difficult to say anything. The designs cannot be fairly judged until they are executed in the medium for which they are prepared. Two or three by Mr. R. Anning Bell have a feeling of dignity and simplicity, so promising that I should like to see them when carried out. Others, by Mr. Holiday and more particularly by Mr. Christopher Whall, make me feel the wisdom of reserving one's judgment. Mr. Whall's windows, when set up in the billiard-room for which they are intended, may be so fine in color that nothing else will count, but in the cartoons it is hard to see anything but the inappropriateness and childishness of the design, with its little winged Cupids. The embroideries are many, some good, some amateurish. There are bronzes and wood carvings and leather and gesso work—there is too much, really: over six hundred numbers in the catalogue, and (as in the cases of books and jewelry and embroidery) one number often stands for several exhibits. Naturally, the proportion of good work is fair; it would be melancholy if it were not. But it is not possible for me, here, to go into detail. I can only try and give an idea of the general tendencies, of the manner in which the movements and phases Mr. Crane refers to in his "Foreword" are represented. I am afraid I cannot quite believe with him in a steady growth and development. The very countenance given by the Society to amateurish effort and the poses and pretensions of the moment is discouraging. The fact that municipal schools have been allowed to contribute is, I think, a drawback. An exhibition of this kind should be one of the best artists and craftsmen in the country, not of students, who have always a chance to exhibit elsewhere. The inclusion of so much of their work adds to the look of a bazaar which is so distressing and confusing. Besides, too often, their work is a direct concession to the affectations and passing fashions I have been deploring. It may be that, had the selecting committee been strict, had half the exhibits been refused, had the schools been excluded, the exhibition would have suggested a more hopeful outlook. But I doubt it. Artists and craftsmen, less sanguine than Mr. Crane, seem themselves conscious of retrogression rather than advance in the years since the Society was established. Some of the younger men have gone so far as to declare that the revolt from tradition, the original reason for the Society, has been disastrous. and that the one hope is in a return to tradition. But that return will not be by way of a revival of worn-out crafts and deliberate primitiveness.

N. N.

Correspondence.

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In two recent book reviews in your columns I find considerable food for reflection. Mr. John F. Hume is quoted as saying, in 'The Abolitionists' (Putnams, 1905):

"One of them [the two great political parties of to-day] may pass perfunctory resolutions against the Philippine crime, but dares say nothing about the treatment visited upon the negro. The other may say a few compassionate but meaningless words for the negro, but cannot denounce the oppression of the Filipinos. Both [parties] are fatally handicapped by their connections and committals. Both are in fact pro-slavery, although the one in power, because of its responsibility for existing conditions, is the more criminal of the two" (p. 86).

It is, of course, both false and absurd to say that the people of the United States

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are in favor of negro slavery, and it is at least doubtful whether either political party is solely responsible for existing conditions in the South. But the point for reflection is the substantial unanimity of both parties—that is, of the entire people of the United States to-day—in regard to the political status of the negro in the South. There the negro is now practically debarred from voting. This fact is well known to the rest of the nation, and the rest of the nation acquiesces. Forty years ago the negro was given the ballot, legally, by and with the consent of a large majority of the citizens of these United States. To-day he is deprived of that ballot, practically, by and with the consent of a large majority of the citizens of these same United States. Sifted to the last analysis, the reason for the disfranchisement of the negro lies in the popular conviction of his unfitness and incapacity for intelligent political action and coöperation—as a race, with several obvious individual exceptions. In the sixties it was believed, or fondly and rashly hoped, that the negro race, fresh from the wilds of Africa, could at one bound attain the political habits which the Anglo-Saxon race has acquired only by countless experiments, repeated failures, and slow advances. Ignorant of the cardinal principles of anthropology, and unmindful of the patent lessons of human history, our legislators at the close of the war looked for what, had it happened, would have been a miracle. Time has shown that they looked in vain, and if we of to-day are perfectly frank with ourselves, we must acknowledge that the negro race in the South, with numerous individual exceptions, whatever its future development may turn out to be, is not now fit for intelligent participation in representative self-government.

We are, indeed, beginning to learn that there are exceptions to that optimistic rule of our immediate ancestors, which declared that every human being of twenty-one years of age and wearing trousers was *ipso facto* a fit and desirable equal political partner in self-government. More and more exceptions to this rule are presenting themselves to our national consciousness day by day. We are approaching, if we have not already reached, an age of questioning, of doubt, as to the fundamental truth of once firmly believed political dogmas. The public mind moves slowly and tentatively, but an object-lesson of forty years' standing seems to have at length brought conviction, and, whatever may have been the causes, the fact remains that the negro race of the South to-day—with numerous individual exceptions—is not generally regarded as a safe or capable political partner in Anglo-Saxon representative self-government. Neither political party in the United States is willing to acknowledge this in so many words; but, representing, as these two political parties unquestionably do, the views of the vast majority of the people of the United States, there can be no doubt as to the national attitude towards this subject. A political idol has been smashed, but we had rather not say anything about it in public—yet we know it is smashed.

Another lesson of rather an important character, in what might be called the psychology of politics, is afforded by the review in your columns of Paul's 'History of Modern England' (Macmillan, 1905). The psychology of the working class, the mental furniture of the laboring man, seems to have been completely misunderstood by British legislators during the last half century. For reasons not altogether apparent to the historian and anthropologist of to-day, it was the hope and belief of Gladstone, Bright, and Cobden that the British workingman, when granted the ballot, would be solidly opposed to war in any shape; he would concentrate his efforts on useful domestic legislation, would accept the ballot with eagerness and thankfulness, and, above all, would be sympathetic with all those oppressed and mistreated fellow-mortals under other Governments who were striving for those same great political blessings which the British workingman enjoyed. That is what was expected. History shows that results hardly tallied with expectations. The British working class showed no particular desire for the franchise, when granted them, though the theory all along had been that they were fairly aching for it. In the next place, they manifested a most distressing and disappointing fondness for war. They flocked to the Boer war without question; they were ready to fight Russia in 1877, and probably are just as willing now to fight Germany. The struggles of the Boers for liberty and independence excited with the British workingmen just about as much sympathy as our workingmen display for the Filipinos. In short, the British workingman, almost indifferent to the gift of the ballot, showed that he was simply a human being, with the usual passions, prejudices, frailities, and shortcomings of ordinary human nature. The ascription to him of extraordinary virtues and superhuman qualities was both absurd and pernicious. In Great Britain the workingman's vote is to-day probably as intelligent as that of the ordinary clerk, small tradesman, and small professional man—but the point is, that, contrary to expectation, it is no more so.

The half-century's experience of these two kindred countries, Great Britain and the United States, is in some respects quite similar. In both countries the Legislatures, with the consent and support of their constituencies of course, made a practically gratuitous gift of the ballot to a class at that time totally unexperienced in, and probably indifferent to, the problems of self-government. With us the negro has failed to reach the level of average citizenship essential to the successful operation of a self-governing representative country; in Great Britain, the workingman has failed to go above that level. In neither country has either class responded to the original expectations entertained for them. The wonder is, why they were ever expected to.

Mr. Hume's work on 'The Abolitionists' brings clearly to mind the popular misconception and overestimate of the negro's character. The miscalculations of our British doctrinaires and closet philosophers regarding the workingman's actual character are amusing, and not altogether distressing. With us to-day in the United States, the question is whether we shall persist in trying to make human nature conform to a palpably defective political institution, or shall adapt the institution to suit the needs of American human nature.

E. L. C. Morse.

February 22, 1906.

POULTRY RAISING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your note in the *Nation* of February 15 discouraging the keeping of poultry on a large scale seems to me to overlook the fact that any number of small flocks, as kept by the ordinary farmer, does not and cannot keep the market supplied with fresh eggs. The ordinary farmer is altogether too careless in gathering his eggs (frequently only every other day), and in keeping them in a warm place, where they will, inside of a week, acquire the "gunpowder" if not the musty taste. Even if he doesn't hold them for higher prices, the means of getting them to market are irregular and uncertain. Most commonly he takes them to the village store once a week, where they lie till a case is filled, and are then sent to the city. Farmers' eggs may easily be three weeks old before they are consumed.

The larger poultrymen, on the other hand, are much more careful in gathering their eggs, and ship by express at least once a week direct to their customers or jobbers in the city. Personally, I handle hundreds of dozens weekly from the largest farms in Connecticut for New Haven and New York private and hotel trade; and for ten months of the year, since practically all my eggs are not over four days old when delivered, I have almost no complaints; but in October and November when the old hens are moulting and the new pullets have not begun to lay, I have to resort to the small farms, and then my trouble begins. I keep my trade because I make tours all over the State, getting others to pick up eggs for me, but I do not sleep nights. And this condition of things will last until an industry in which there is more money invested than in any other in this country has plants suited to its size. The market for strictly fresh eggs is inexhaustible.

After apprenticeship on the large farms of Petaluma, California, where poultry-keeping is the one industry that supports the town, and on the well-known farms of central New York in addition to my own farm, and acquaintance with conditions here, I also take issue with the statement that poultry-keeping does not pay. Build your houses on the colony plan near a brook, and your hens will need no more fencing or food than if they were always at your back door and in the kitchen, and they will get their water for themselves ten months in the year. Do the work yourself, take infinite pains, and nothing will repay you better in all honest ways, or more fascinate you as a growing science, than the incubation, artificial brooding, and caring of poultry on a large scale.

Yours in sincerity,

Robinson Smith.

Chesbire, Conn., February 19, 1906.

THE FARCE OF MASTER PATELIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your recent review of 'The Farce of Master Pierre Patelin,' regret was expressed that I had not given the entire original text of Patelin along with my translation. Allow me to say that my critical edition, to be out within a year or two, will contain a reproduction in facsimile of

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Pierre Levet's whole text. Meanwhile, Mr. Albert Rosset of Lyons is having his unique exemplar of Le Roy's edition, printed about 1485, reproduced in facsimile. This book will be published within a month, and is likely to be eagerly sought by booklovers, for Le Roy's edition of Patelin is almost beyond doubt the first printed book containing the text of a comedy written in a modern tongue.

Whoever is interested in these two ancient books, will find an article on them in *Modern Language Notes* for March, 1906.

Very truly yours,

RICHARD HOLBROOK.

NEW YORK, February 24, 1906.

Notes.

"Edition de luxe" is not exactly a fit designation of Francis D. Tandy Co.'s new and enlarged "Gettysburg Edition" of Nicolay and Hay's 'Speeches and Letters of Abraham Lincoln.' Neither enlargement with new matter, nor the title 'Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln,' nor yet a limitation to 700 numbered and registered sets, ensures a luxurious product. The Nicolay and Hay edition was in two volumes of irreproachable but very condensed typography; the buff paper made some amends to eyesight. The present can be read much more easily because of larger type and wider spacing, but the paper is a dead white. On the other hand, there are numerous portraits, mostly familiar. The first interpolations are four in the period 1832 to 1836, where Nicolay and Hay gleaned nothing. In 1837, a Bank speech before the Illinois Legislature has now been disinterred from a newspaper. Between "de luxe" and additions, these first two volumes (1832-1858) demand more than 700 pages as against the original 240 of Nicolay and Hay's volume i. Some of the accretions may be thought valuable; most are at least characteristic. Mr. Lincoln's early low plane of anti-slavery principle is made renewedly evident.

A number of decidedly unhandy volumes on our table approach the category of books that are no books. Such is the composite quarto, 'The New York Stock Exchange,' of which E. C. Stedman is the general editor (Stock Exchange Historical Co.). It is showily, rather than elegantly got up, and most of the illustrations are familiar antiquarian woodcuts in the text. A second part is yet to appear. In the present, panics and other financial crises are narrated at sufficient length; not always with sufficient reserve, nor always quite accurately. An oblong folio with red sides and white backing is the 'Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Maryland: Genealogies of the Members and Record of Services of Ancestors,' published in Baltimore under the editorial direction of Christopher Johnston, M.A. Each pedigree occupies a page or more, and is neatly displayed. The services are grouped at the end, and here the New England ancestors hold a prominent place. The work has been admirably executed. Finally, the Rhode Island State Society of the Cincinnati puts forth a tall octavo, 'The Order of the Cincinnati in France ('L'Ordre de Cincinnatus'): Its Organization and History,' edited by Dr. Asa Bird Gardiner. It is handsomely printed and freely illustrated with portraits, from Rochambeau's to that of the retiring President Loubet (honorary member). The edition is limited to 350 numbered copies. The French Society was rudely dispersed by the Revolution, and nothing was done to reanimate it till 1887. Then it sought to regain its place in the Order, but we are left to infer that it has not fulfilled the condition—"whenever it shall permanently organize with a membership sufficient for the purpose." This volume may prove to contain the entire history of the Society.

'The Later Work of Titian,' as dealt with in one of the most recent additions to the Newnes-Scribner "Art Library," is that produced after 1540, or, if the traditional date of Titian's birth be accepted, after that artist had reached his sixty-third year and when he and the Renaissance had grown old together. He had still thirty-six years of activity before him, but to see the work of that period assembled and separated from what had gone before is almost to become an Oslerite. There is much in it that one must admire, but the pictures that one loves were nearly all produced earlier. There are imitations of Veronese and Tintoretto, as if our painter felt bound to contest the laurels of his younger rivals; there is a growing pomposity and emphasis in composition; there is increasing technical power coupled with deadness of feeling; there is an almost total absence of the pure joy in beauty which marked the painter of the so-called "Sacred and Profane Love." Finally, there is the evidence of commercialism in more than one canvas, culminating in such an atrocity as "Philip the Second Dedicating his Son, Don Ferdinand, to Victory"—a picture which he certainly acknowledged, and for which he claimed payment, but which it is difficult to believe that he even designed. Occasionally, as in the Borghese "Education of Love," he reverted to his earlier manner, as far as subject and treatment are concerned, but without the old spontaneity. It is in such strange and almost modern and impressionistic compositions as the Madrid "Entombment" that he is at his best. In these one feels the precursor of a new art rather than the belated practitioner of an old one. A remarkable picture of this period, and one of the most powerful if not in all respects one of the most agreeable, is Mrs. Gardner's "Europa." Its absence from this collection of reproductions is to be regretted.

Another issue of the same series is devoted to the 'Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,' and the plates give a fair notion of the work of Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and the young Millais. Curiously enough, the earliest works of Rossetti, the only Pre-Raphaelite ones, are omitted. Certain inclusions in the list of illustrations are, however, harder to understand than the exclusions, and the prefatory text, by J. Ernest Phythian, gives us no light. Certain works by Gentile da Fabriano, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Lippo Lippi, Mantegna, and Botticelli, together with the Ansidei Madonna, seem to answer no purpose here, unless it be to show what English Pre-Raphaelite work was *not* like. What it *was* most like is photography; and there can be little doubt that the Pre-Raphaelites, however unconsciously, were deeply influenced by the new discovery, which was destined to show men how different art is from nature. That the young enthusiasts should have thought the difference a proof of the faultiness of art was natural enough. Nowadays, so far from making art over after the pattern of photography, we are engaged in the equally hopeless task of trying to make photography an art.

Ford Madox Hueffer's 'Holbein,' in "The Popular Library of Art" (Duckworth-Dutton), is agreeably written, gives a good summary of the little that is known of the life, and is justly appreciative of the painter. There is not much detailed criticism or analysis, and one looks over the pages for detachable passages with some surprise at their rarity; but a picture of the man and of his art is somehow conveyed to one, and one rises from the perusal with a clearer notion of what it is that one has always admired. Holbein is eminently reproducible, and the illustrations of the little volume are therefore more successful than ordinary, and come nearer to doing justice to the originals. The book is a worthy successor to its fellows in one of the best of the many series of popular books on art.

A little work on the Philippines which has made no appeal to the general reader, yet which is worth the attention of every one interested in the subject, is a little 'History of the Philippines,' prepared originally for use in the Philippine schools by Dr. David P. Barrows (American Book Co.). Dr. Barrows composed it at intervals while he was superintendent of schools in Manila, and later chief of the Philippine Ethnological Survey; and, now that he is general superintendent of the Government schools, he does not feel like making his own book the textbook. This is really a pity, since it so nearly fills the needs of the Filipino, who has no historical outlook, inasmuch as it deals with Philippine history in relation to that of the world at large. While subordinating the Philippine text and subordinating the events of Philippine history to the broader view, it at the same time affords the best brief survey of the history of the islands and the islanders themselves that has yet appeared in the English language. For this purpose it may be commended to all readers who seek something more than a mere string of chronicled events drawn from sources both authentic and unauthentic.

'Days of the Past,' by Alexander Innes Shand (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is one of the innumerable collections of reminiscences which seem to have become the dominant note of present-day literature. We have reached a point where no self-respecting person who has passed the age of sixty and has mingled to any extent in political, literary, or artistic society can quit the stage with propriety unless he has put on record everything within his recollection that can throw light on the history of his time. Unfortunately for their readers, the writers of these books do not always confine their lucubrations within such beneficent limits. Mr. Shand's peculiar weakness is gastronomic. He delights to record his various experiences in eating and drinking, and is evidently proud of the adaptability of his taste and of his capacity to deal with the different kinds of meat and

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drink he has encountered. On the other hand, his chapters on the changes in London and on Old Edinburgh, and his literary recollections, are both interesting and valuable. He was for years on the staff of the London *Times*, and was also a contributor to the leading reviews, so that he made the acquaintance of many well-known people, and what he has to say about them is quite worth reading.

Human nature is ever the same, and the cult of Napoleon has thousands of devotees, while Emerson and Goethe sink into comparative obscurity. From Prince Victor Napoleon with his priceless collection of heirlooms and relics, to the humble but proud possessor of a single and not indubitable Waterloo bayonet, the gradations are numerous; in these gradations Mr. H. M. Broadley occupies an honorable superior position. The catalogue of his collection, 'Collectanea Napoleonica,' compiled and published in London by W. V. Daniell, is well turned out and agreeably illustrated, although his entries, especially of books and pamphlets, decidedly reveal the amateur. His strong point is undoubtedly autographs, in which his collection is about complete. In other respects completion is an impossible ideal; in England alone it is computed that 1,700 caricatures of Napoleon have been published, while of portraits and engravings illustrating his life M. Mayer of Paris believes that some 80,000 have appeared. Mr. Broadley is, however, decidedly strong in caricatures, portraits, maps, etc., and the catalogue will undoubtedly prove useful to collectors and students. It may be of interest to add that probably the finest collection of caricatures of Napoleon at the present day is that of Mr. Latta of Philadelphia, and that our ambassador in Paris, Mr. McCormick, is the owner of one of the best collections of Napoleon portraits.

'Sveriges Bibliografiska Litteratur' is the title of a work of which the first two instalments have accompanied the annual reports of the Royal Library at Stockholm for 1904 and 1905. They embrace the bibliographical literature proper, while the two remaining parts will be devoted to the literature of libraries and archives, and to printing and the book trade. The compiler, Dr. J. A. Almquist, has, of course, had at his disposal a practically complete collection of the literature of Sweden, and has certainly bestowed great care on the preparation; not only bibliographies in the strict meaning of the word, but everything that has any bibliographical bearing at all has been included. Bibliographical publications of Swedes printed in other countries and publications about Swedish literature by foreign writers are enumerated, along with works printed in Sweden. Particularly important is the inclusion of biographical dictionaries of special classes of men, and registers of officers of universities and schools, which quite often contain lists of the publications of the writers they include. The only similar work of the same scope and comprehensiveness which has been published is Ottino and Fumagalli's 'Bibliotheca Bibliographica Italica.'

The December (1905) number of the *Social Tidskrift* is accompanied by an index to the first five volumes of that journal, which depicts in a very succinct way the social movements in modern Sweden. A very large space is occupied by discussions of the various phases of the popular educational movement which has taken such a strong hold on the educated classes within the last ten years—the public-library movement, public lectures, summer extension courses, etc. Other matters which have received attention are: laborers' dwellings, the struggle between employers and employed, emigration, the treatment of the poor, coöperation, the temperance question, social hygiene (*e. g.*, the work against the spread of tuberculosis), etc. Social work has received a new impetus in Sweden since the break with Norway. Many of the younger men especially feel that concentration of efforts on the lines of social progress, and unification of the forces of the country towards a single aim, are more imperatively needed now than ever before, as was pointed out in an editorial in the *Social Tidskrift* last summer.

The *Geographical Journal* for February contains our American mountaineer, Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman's, account of her and Dr. Hunter Workman's record-breaking ascent of the Himalaya. The main object of their expedition was the exploration of some glaciers near the Kashmir border, in the course of which she climbed a peak 22,568 feet high and her husband one 23,394 feet. A remarkable thing about these great altitudes was the sudden changes from heat to cold. At one camp the sun temperature at 1:30 P. M. was 170 degrees Fahrenheit, and the heat was enervating, while by five it was freezing. Some interesting reproductions of photographs and a map of the region are given. Other articles are upon the bathymetrical survey of the lochs of Scotland, the climatic features of the Pleistocene Ice Age, by Prof. A. Penck, and the English Ordnance Survey maps. In respect of these, Dr. F. J. Haverfield recommends that the ancient remains, earthworks, tumuli, ruins, etc., should be more fully and carefully put upon the maps so as to make them a complete and accurate archæological record.

The material development of Egypt is making remarkable progress, largely through the aid of foreign capital. In the last few years 119 companies with a capital of $166,500,000 have been registered. This means an investment of $17 per head of the population, a figure which would be far larger were the many foreign banks and private companies included. Another indication of this industrial progress is the increased buying capacity of the people. Consul-General Morgan of Cairo says that up to the end of August the general imports were valued at nearly $5,000,000 over and above those of last year, the largest increase being in cotton fabrics.

In the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 290, a well-known German traveller, Robert Kirnberger, gives, on the basis of his own observations, a very instructive account of the present and prospective French railroad from Algiers to the Sudan. The writer declares this to be a "riesiges Kulturwerk" upon which the French have been for years quietly engaged, and which, when completed, will cope with the Cape to Cairo road in importance for the inner development of the Dark Continent. He compares, also, its value as a factor in civilization with the roads connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific in this country. Supplementary to this, we find in the new series of the *Beilage*, No. 4, a full discussion of the projected and partly completed three great transcontinental telegraph lines of Africa—first and foremost the great Cape to Cairo line; then the line that is to cut through the heart of the Dark Continent from West to East, from the mouth of the Congo to Dar-es-Salam; and, thirdly, the Trans-Sahara line connecting the coasts of Algeria with the West African coasts. The exact status, prospects, and far-reaching importance of all these projects are given by the writer with a wealth of detail.

The turning of temples into school buildings is the latest and in some respects the most interesting manifestation of the progress of education in China. At Hai Cheng, a city in southern Mantchuria, a normal school for the preparation of native teachers under the direction of two Japanese has been established in a famous temple to Confucius. At a recent visit to the city United States Consul-General Sammons was invited by the chief magistrate of the district to address the ninety-nine students, and they were greatly interested in what he told them of the method of conducting primary and grade schools in this country. They are being taught reading, writing, mathematics, and geography as well as physiology, history, and other high-school subjects. A Buddhist temple has been converted into an industrial school for carrying out modern prison-reform methods. Long-time prisoners are being taught to spin and weave, make wire lamp screens and other useful articles, and in addition to improve the roads and build drains. Magistrate Kuan has also organized a commercial club, to which the consul by invitation described American commercial methods; has made arrangements to open a school for Chinese girls in the Confucian temple, and has ordered a memorial to be erected to the late Rev. John McIntyre of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, who served the best years of his life in the Mantchurian mission field.

One of the consequences of the separation of Church and State in France is the fact that the theological faculties of Paris and Montpellier, the ablest representatives of independent and advanced theological scholarship in the country, will lose their income from the State, which has amounted to almost 150,000 francs per annum. A review announces that the project of uniting the two faculties had, for reasons of tradition and local interests, been dropped, but that it had been found necessary to reduce the number of chairs, in the one case from ten to six, and in the other case from eight to five.

Italy has recently lost one of its best scholars by the death of Dr. Severino Ferrari, who died at the age of forty-nine in an insane asylum in Tuscany. As poet and critic Ferrari earned the public applause of Carducci. For a number of years he was a teacher in the women's college in Florence. His reputation as a poet was established some twenty years ago when he published his "Bordatini."

In 1902 the New York University acquired the Hübner collection of Classical Philology from Berlin, embracing 4,000 bound volumes and 3,000 pamphlets. It is proposed now to make a modest addition to it as a memorial to the late Dr. Howard Crosby,

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who was Chancellor of the University (1870-81), Professor of Greek, founder of the Greek Club of New York, and one of the company of revisers of the translation of the New Testament. Dr. Crosby was a man of mark among the scholars and philanthropists of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He would have been eighty years of age on the 27th of February. Contributions, large or small, for the Howard Crosby memorial as above may be made to Prof. E. G. Sihler, or to Prof. Wm. E. Waters, University Heights, New York City.

—The excellences of Mr. Albert H. Smyth's 'Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin' (Macmillan) begin to appear in the second volume. The carelessness in previous texts is corrected, omitted paragraphs are restored, and the notes are more full and useful. The prefaces to 'Poor Richard' are, with some exceptions, printed, and a number of "characteristic" contributions to the *Pennsylvania Gazette* take the place of certain essays which previous editors have accepted as Franklin's on insufficient evidence. In one instance Mr. Smyth has traced the author of two of these rejected essays, and in other instances he omits them because they are "dull and trivial." Internal evidence of authorship is usually an uncertain guide, and we fear some of the material included by the editor will be rejected by his successor. The omission of a letter to Colden, containing an erroneous theory of the diurnal motion of the earth, because Franklin desired the letter not to be reprinted, offers a dangerous precedent, and would justify the omission of any indiscretion in theory or expression—a fault to which Sparks owes so much of his disrepute as an editor. The "Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity" is also omitted, on the ground that to republish it would be an "injury and an offence to the memory of Franklin." It is certainly more proper to err in this direction than to exhume and to print the worst in the belief that everything may be sacrificed to completeness. The contents of the volume are better reading for the changes and contain more of the real Franklin. The charm of the almanac prefaces is still to be felt, and the earliest known productions of his pen, the 'Do Good Papers,' were well worth recovering, since they prove the strong influence which the form of the *Spectator* essay exerted on the young journalist, persisting even when the frank materialism of the almanac period had intervened. The lively characterization of Harvard College, the satire on elegies, the essay on "Shavers and Trimmers," and the "Apology for Printers" are distinct gains. Franklin's scientific papers and his early ventures in public usefulness occupy a good part of the volume. The editor's notes are excellent, but it is puzzling to know why the name of Jarman should have been explained only on its third appearance, and why a reference to Whitefield (p. 234) is allowed to remain concealed in the initials only. The origin of the Polly Baker paper has baffled the efforts of Mr. Smyth to trace it.

—In this connection may be mentioned some issues incident to Franklin exhibitions in various cities. Boston naturally leads with a list of exhibits and extracts from the Autobiography for use in the public schools—both the work of Lindsay Swift. The New York Public Library Bulletin gives space to Bigelow's theory of the authorship of the Shipley speech, and his account of a new statuette of Franklin; as well as to an excellent list of Franklin material in that library. The latter includes a very valuable list of Franklin portraits "grouped under the various originals on which most of them are based"—a true procedure for scientific iconography—compiled by Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, Curator of the Print Department. It fills nearly thirty-eight pages. Duplessis takes the lead, as might have been expected, but the prints after Cochin, Martin, and Chamberlin are also very numerous. Mr. Weitenkampf disdeserves the praise of a pioneer. The Grolier Club prints a catalogue of the portraits, manuscripts, and medallions brought together by its members. As is usual, the number of good or unique impressions is large.

—The two stately quarto volumes entitled 'Some of the Ancestors and Descendants of Samuel Converse, jr., of Thompson Parish, Killingly, Conn.; Major James Convers of Woburn, Mass.; the Hon. Heman Allen, M.C., of Milton and Burlington, Vt.; Capt. Jonathan Bixby, sr., of Killingly, Conn.' (Boston: Eben Putnam), cannot be regarded as exemplary genealogical editing. The actual compiler, Charles Allen Converse, will doubtless plead freedom from commercial restraint, as private liberality footed the bills of manufacture. This is evidenced as well by the extraordinary number of portraits (sometimes duplicated) in every generation (a very valuable feature), as by illustrations even of a dwelling house, farm buildings, the stock at pasture, and, finally, an old Convers chest. Not only the respective lines mentioned on the title page, but all the collateral, male and female, are liable to be treated with a fulness often surpassing that of the leading families, who are thus so obscured that you cannot see the wood for the trees. Inventories, sheep earmarks, modern notices of weddings, funeral eulogies and lodge resolutions, Sheldon's expedition to Canada, Lamberton's lost ship (1646), are plentifully and often wastefully introduced. In the end you may (if you have not had to pay for it) be thankful for what is thus pitchforked together rather than edited. Edward Convers came over with Winthrop in the *Arbella*, and was ferryman between Charlestown and Boston till 1640, when the privilege was made over to Harvard College. A final *e* was assumed by Major James Converse, of the third generation, a stout Indian fighter. On the other hand, the descendants of Benjamin Converse, implicated in Shays's rebellion, dropped the *e*. Sherman Converse first published Webster's Dictionary. Charles Crozat Converse, still living, has been musician and composer of wide popularity; inventor, lawyer, and manufacturer; proposed the pronoun *thon* (common gender), and got it incorporated in the vocabulary of the Standard Dictionary, which has been amber to it. The Rev. Ambrose Converse, D.D., a Northern man with Southern principles, made his pro-slavery Philadelphia *Christian Observer* so "coppery" during the civil war that Seward suppressed it and arrested him. The Allen, Bixby, and Bishop families, treated in as many different appendixes, derive from Ipswich, Mass. The assortment of queer female names in the Converse line—Cindrella, Lenna, Polina, Celestia, Dulcenia, Celenda, for a few—is unparalleled in our observation.

—Essex County, New Jersey, possesses a park system second perhaps to none, except the metropolitan system of Boston. It was established under a law passed in 1894 for a temporary commission to obtain such information as might be necessary to enable the public to judge of the desirability of such a system for the county. The commission, consisting of five members, of whom Mr. F. W. Kelsey was one, completed their work "in about half a year," instead of the two years allowed, and used less than half the appropriation for the purpose ($10,000). That commission deserves the greatest credit for the promptitude and efficiency with which it fulfilled its trust, and Mr. Kelsey is entitled to his full share as a most active and energetic member of it. A general law providing for a park system under control of a permanent commission passed the Legislature of New Jersey, "not a single vote having been recorded in either house against it," and was approved March 5, 1895. It contained a referendum clause, and was sustained by the people at the general election, April 9, 1895. Mr. Kelsey was appointed on the permanent commission, his term expiring in April, 1897, when Mr. George W. Bramhall was appointed to succeed him. During these two years Mr. Kelsey devoted a large share of his time to the work of the commission, for which he deserves great praise. He now professes to have written 'A Complete History of the Inception and Development of the Essex County Parks of New Jersey' (New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.), but it seems to us neither "complete" nor a "history." He does not give the text of the laws under which the park system was established, nor the details in regard to the acquirement of lands, whether by purchase, condemnation, or gift—there is only one short reference to lands given, not a word about the fine gateway to the northern division of Branch Brook Park, presented by Mr. Robert F. Ballantine. He does not give the history of the Heller litigation, nor the text of the decisions of the Supreme Court and Court of Errors and Appeals, sustaining the constitutionality of the Park act; he bestows no commendation upon Mr. Alonzo Church for his long and faithful service as secretary, nor does he mention the names of the commissioners who have died during their term of office. He gives abundant space to his own correspondence and to criticism of the commission and individual members of it, where their policy and views have not met with his approval. He has, however, gathered together much material which will greatly aid an unbiassed future historian.

—A rather unsatisfactory piece of bookmaking is the edition of 'In Memoriam, Annotated by the Author,' just published by the Macmillan Co. In size and binding the volume simulates the well-beloved Golden Treasury series, from which it is distinguished, however, by the lack of the familiar vignette title-page, as well as by less admirable printing. The look of the page is specially impaired by the use of

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Roman numerals to mark the stanzas as well as the sections. In view of the uniform shortness of the sections, this innovation in the text is of doubtful advantage. Of the editorial apparatus very little is new. The "Introduction by the Editor," which occupies some twenty-five pages, is (though there is nothing in the book to indicate it) merely the chapter on 'In Memoriam' in the Memoir of Tennyson by his son, reprinted verbatim with a few omissions. In consequence, it follows that the three sections of the poem which appear in the introduction as "unpublished" have been in print since 1897. On general grounds, there is, of course, no objection to such warming-over of good material, but meticulous readers, at least, would have welcomed some statement of the circumstances.

—The poet's own annotations to his poem, which fill some score of pages at the back, are devoted to pointing out classical and Scriptural sources for specific lines, or to brief prose paraphrases of the more abstract stanzas. We have, for example, on the familiar section beginning:

"If Sleep and Death be truly one,"

this eloquent gloss:

"If the immediate life after death be only sleep and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and color do in sleeping flowers; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over."

Along with a few bits of pregnant prose like this are some gratifying *ex-cathedra* explanations of certain puzzling allusions. Thus, the "one clear harp of divers tones" is now discovered beyond a peradventure to be not St. Augustine's, as has been hitherto generally supposed, but Goethe's, "among whose last words," says the note, "were these, 'Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen.'" And the "horned flood" which has evoked a good deal of fantastic exegesis, is explained as "between two promontories." Yet even the notes of this stamp lack novelty, for the substance of nearly all of them was communicated by Tennyson before his death both to the Rev. Alfred Gatty and to James Knowles, and was used by them in their commentaries on the poem.

GREENSLET'S LOWELL.—I.

James Russell Lowell: His Life and Work. By Ferris Greenslet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

In preparing this volume, Mr. Greenslet has neglected no source of information and enlightenment, whether from books or from persons. He has vivified his portrait by consulting Lowell's surviving friends—first and foremost, as a matter of course, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton; and has availed himself, also, of all the "oral tradition" which must soon entirely vanish. He has not only possessed himself *au fond* of Lowell's own works, and of biographies such as Mr. Scudder's and the Rev. Edward Everett Hale's, but he has gathered all the stray notices, English and American, and the scattered hints which furnish minute and life-like touches. He has examined, for instance, the annotations in Lowell's own hand of the volumes which he presented to the Harvard Library; and he prints for the first time Emerson's verses read on Lowell's fortieth birthday—a most penetrating and characteristic sketch. From all this embarrassing pile of riches he has extracted what is essential and characteristic with the most delicate skill and judgment. The juice and marrow of Lowell's life and work and character are here decanted into a little volume of 300 pages. In condensing, moreover, the lineaments of life have been neither distorted nor obliterated. On the contrary, even compared with Mr. Scudder's excellent and intimate biography, framed upon a much wider and more leisurely scale, it must be admitted that this little volume is thoroughly alive, and as far as possible from a *hortus siccus*.

Within its limits no one need attempt to revise or improve on it. It will remain, we believe, a definitive and final biography. The reviewer may, if he choose, feel that legitimate resentment which is natural toward the man who has said our say before us, anticipating all our judgments and "conveying" the apposite quotations he may have marked for his own. Or he may feel a reasonable complacency that his conclusions for years are here neatly and perfectly expressed, and his surmises confirmed, by one who must in future be reckoned an authority in his craft. For it is hardly possible to speak too highly of Mr. Greenslet's performance. In addition to an unusually ample literary outfit, he possesses the critic's instinct and insight, and his almost unfailing touchstone.

In glancing over the record of Lowell's life, we are struck by the great variety of his activity, and by the weight and quality of his achievement. It is an extraordinary distinction that a critic and man of letters, who may be compared with some great names in England or France—a poet, also, of genuine gifts—should have lived so close to his fellow-men and to the great currents of the world as to make an ambassador at once brilliant, serviceable, and discreet. In spite of his bookishness, in spite of being tied to a professor's chair for many years, he remained, to use his own phrase, a "real man." "Fine as is his written work," said Mr. Watts-Dunton, "his unwritten work is finer still." Mr. Greenslet appraises with his usual justness and accuracy the value of Lowell's services as a professor. "He was never quite a scholar in the German sense, nor even in the modern academic sense." In spite of multifarious reading and learning, and partly because of his reliance on a facile memory, he was capable here and there of little slips. In his "Shakespeare Once More" he alludes to Orestes's nurse in the "Agamemnon"—an ancient Gamp who belongs solely to the "Choephoræ"; and he does this immediately after a full profession of faith in the standards of the classics. Mr. Greenslet points out also a little nest of errors and inadvertences contained in a footnote to the essay on Spenser. But even such peccadilloes are certainly not characteristic of the learned reviewer of 'The Library of Old Authors'; they are exactly the kind of unpardonable crimes which it is now the first business of the critic or the philologist to hunt down and detect, and which are sufficient to damn an otherwise meritorious piece of work.

Genius is scarcer than scholarship, and the English were quite right when they coveted Lowell for a professorship of English literature at Oxford. A university does well occasionally to catch and cage a genius, who may never be fully broken and harnessed to the work of a plough-horse; for genius fertilizes by contagion, and the best of a student's work is that which he is inspired to do himself. And Lowell certainly impressed the imagination. If you met him in the class-room, you submitted to the charm and *bonhomie* of a manner without pose or affectation, without a trace of the pedant or the pedagogue; if you listened to his lectures, you followed the fascination of their brilliant flights, but had not the heart to stenograph them in cold blood; if you met him on horseback in the street, you were sure that the steed he rode was named Pegasus. In an atmosphere indigo-colored with blue laws, there was a sense of emancipation in sitting under a professor who refused to appraise over-nicely the omnipresent examination paper, and had no "realizing sense" of the impropriety of wearing on Sunday a coat which was not "black, with buttons of the same color." One felt the same thrill when Agassiz violated the laws of the universe by visibly smoking a cigar in the college yard. Lowell never took kindly to the professor's gown; in his letters he frequently fumes and recalcitrates against it, and misdoubts his vocation to the garb. Yet the poet and the man of letters stirred young imaginations and opened wide horizons; for, of all people, young men are the last to live by bread alone.

Two features come out strikingly from the confessional of Lowell's letters—his constant aspirations and yearning for poetic fame, and the constant recurrence of a sense that he is a poet *manqué*. He is always just about to satisfy his own standards, and he never really does. In his youth he could say, "If I have any vocation, it is for verse; if I prose, it is *invita Minerva*." But in later life, even after writing his Commemoration Ode, there is a frequent strain of disappointment: "Like a boy I mistook my excitement for inspiration—I am ashamed of having been tempted into thinking I could write poetry." Lowell was, in the main, an excellent critic—he was sometimes a careful critic of himself, as we may see in his interesting remarks in the Commemoration Ode and in the variants which he furnished, with many wavering codicils, to the little poem entitled "Phœbe." It is wise, then, to listen respectfully to the opinion of such an expert, or even to his instinctive self-distrust; it is possible that these may coincide, measurably, with the judgment of posterity. That he had a highly sensitive and poetic temperament goes without saying. In the fresh days of his youth he confesses "the balancing of a yellow butterfly over a thistle-blossom was spiritual food and longing for a whole forenoon." What is the reason, then, of the failure of this Wordsworthian to reach his ambitions? There are always ingenious explanations which satisfy his own mind—the distractions of his editorial duties, his professor's gown, "which estranges the Muse," or the want of a continuous "diet of bee-bread." The poet, he thinks, should be fed exclusively on poetry; the Muse bears no rival. This is partly true. Keats and Shelley and Tenny-

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son were poets, and nothing but poets; they never laid aside their singing-robes. Yet Goethe remained a poet while feeding his mind on many other things besides poetry. Diet will not change a lark or a nightingale into an eagle. No surfeit of nectar and ambrosia would have transformed Gray into a Milton, nor Longfellow into a Shelley. In the firmament of the poets the distinction between satellites and suns is very marked and constant; there is no interchange between the different orders and magnitudes. Mr. Matthew Arnold complained, as Lowell did, that the distractions of his life kept him out of his due heritage with the immortals; and he had much more reason than Lowell—he was an overloaded man, shamefully burdened with the daily drudgery of his examination papers. If he had been freed from this treadmill, he would have written more poems; yet the poems would have been of much the same quality.

Unlike Arnold, whose small and carefully sifted volumes reveal some veins of pure gold, Lowell obscured his gift by permitting himself to print a considerable bulk of verse which has little or no title to the name of poetry. He improvised with a rush, and he published unhesitatingly his improvisation. Hence he is his own chief detractor. Some unquestionable poets have been Rhadamanthine in their self-judgment: Gray, for example, and Tennyson, rejected ruthlessly and fastidiously many gem-like stanzas which did not fit exactly in their place. Lowell did not practise this kind of self-denial; and so the torrent of his fluent verse inundates and almost drowns the dearest object of his ambition. As a matter of self-preservation, he required an anthology. The half (perhaps the third) of what he printed is far better than the whole; and this Mr. Greenslet quite truthfully observes. We should agree, in the main, with the selection which he proposes. Some shorter pieces, such as "Invita Miñerva," "Phœbe," and "Turner's Old Téméraire," are the spontaneous offspring of a single mood or idea, and they create felicitously a kindred mood in the reader. They are of one piece, and produce a net impression; they waken an echo in the mind or heart as the music of a song might, or the stroke of a distant bell. The language, too, and the rhythm are as pure and harmonious as the conception. The same thing may be said with some reserves for the "Vision of Sir Launfal," which Mr. Greenslet dissects very prettily and instructively. These are the pieces which we may call Attic, and to which it would be churlish and unreasonable to refuse the name of poetry. They are free from Lowell's foibles, his facile imperfections, his intrusive learning, his over-moralizing, his freakishness, his tendency to dart hither and thither after the will-o'-wisp of his fancy or humor.

As to the Odes, we confess ourselves more dubious, and perhaps heretical. Lowell loved to soar in the ode, and he affected especially that artificial form of it which is remotely Pindaresque. He gives reasons sufficient to his own mind why, if an ode is to be recited, this form should be preferred. In any shape, however, the epideictic ode is a perilous venture. It requires a very high and sustained temperature of the fine frenzy to fuse and inspire it with the poetic glow, to purge it from the dross and slag of learned allusion or prosaic expressions and reminiscence. A very few—Milton, Gray, Shelley, and their select company—reach this fiery ether. They bear us entranced and intoxicated upon a wing so strong and steady that it leaves no fear of falling to the hard, prosaic earth. The remainder provoke trying and invidious comparisons. In the Commemoration Ode, Lowell wrote under the tension of strong feeling for a personal bereavement, he wrote with an afflatus which "left him lean"; yet we believe that certain stanzas might be turned without loss into impassioned prose. On the other hand, the "Biglow Paper" (No. X.) which covers in part the same ground, contains to our mind more genuine poetry; it expresses more simply and poignantly the stress of emotion which charged the atmosphere of that period; compared with this natural and affecting utterance, is it hypercriticism to say that the Ode seems somewhat artificial and academic?

The 'Biglow Papers,' indeed, though Lowell himself would have been loath to own it, were by far the most important asset which he left in verse. In them, he had plenty of elbow-room, and he expressed with freedom and naturalness almost every side of himself. Hosea Biglow was a delicious invention, and, behind his mask, spoke all that was strongest in the endowment of his creator—humor, eloquence, mother-wit, and shrewd sense, the *sæva indignatio*—all the elements of powerful satire, and, when the mood fitted, a strain of genuine pathos or poetry. Hosea's lingo, too, had a tang and piquancy which those who knew it as vernacular could savor most. It was said that Lowell himself dropped into it in moments of abandon. The Papers were, in their way, a felicitous and unique *trouvaille;* nothing more distinctively American was ever written. Add to all this their downright effectiveness, for they condensed and reinforced the highest sentiment and conscience of the time, and became a heavy battery on the side of freedom and public morals. That they are political and expressed in a lingo, dooms them, of course, to eventual decay. They require a glossary and an historical commentary, even now, and must retire sometime to the shelf of the student; but, notwithstanding the fatigue of a vanishing dialect, their humor will long give them salt and savor; their quotable sayings have become proverbs which still "flit upon the lips of men," and will continually lead back readers to the mine from which such brilliants emerged.

TWO STATE HISTORIES.

Rhode Island: A Study in Separatism. By Irving Berdine Richman. (American Commonwealths.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905. Pp. xii., 395.

Louisiana: A Record of Expansion. By Albert Phelps. (American Commonwealths.) Same publishers. 1905. Pp. x., 412.

To write a satisfactory history of an American commonwealth is not, one may suppose, in respect to most of them at least, a task easily performed. In too many cases the particular commonwealth is little more than a geographical expression, and its history is, like its physiography, an indistinguishable part of the history of the whole country, or at best of a large section of it. Commonly, therefore, the author is presented at the outset with the unpalatable alternative of telling a purely local story which is not for the most part of any general importance, or of sketching the history of the nation, with an occasional aside to remind the reader that the commonwealth in question made a part of it. In the former case there are few States which, like the English county, present conditions that enable the author to find consolation in antiquarian research, and none whose story centres in an ancient town with a century or more of vital historic life lying embedded somewhere in the Middle Age. If, on the other hand, the alternative appears to present a comparatively easy solution for the author, the editors are in danger of offering to the public a series in which the duplication is excessive.

The two volumes named above, almost simultaneously issued from the press, may be profitably considered together, inasmuch as they present, each with certain modifications, the opposite methods of meeting the dilemma just now suggested. They are, it may be added, peculiarly adapted to such a consideration, because two more attractive subjects than Rhode Island and Louisiana could not well be found in the whole range of commonwealths, or two that are wider asunder in origin and character. Each had more than a century of life before entering the Union; one finds its origin in Latin Catholic civilization, the other in English Protestant civilization.

Of these two methods Mr. Richman has adopted the first. He has told the story of Rhode Island with the briefest possible excursions into the larger field of national or international affairs. That he has taken this course is doubtless due to the fact that for him Rhode Island embodies a certain principle, the elucidation of which should furnish a unity that would be lacking in the case of another State. What that principle is, is well known to those who are familiar with his previous work on the early history of Rhode Island; and how he has sought to project it into the later period will be clear from the summary which closes the present work:

"The history of Rhode Island has been sketched in three parts: the part Agriculture and Separatism embracing the period 1636 to 1689; the part Commerce and Co-operation embracing the period 1690 to 1763; and the part Unification and Manufactures embracing the period 1764 to the present day. The last two parts are important as indicating the course of industrial development, and as revealing separatism in its deep power of survival. But it is the first part that is most important. It comprehends the time when Rhode Island alone among commonwealths exemplified the two leading ideas of Christianity and the Reformation—the two leading ideas of modern life and progress; the idea of Soul Liberty or Freedom of Conscience in religion; and the idea of the Rights of Man in politics" (p. 342).

To this most important part, Mr. Richman, nevertheless, gives but 65 pages out of a total of 345. His own justification for this course is the fact that he has already treated the early period somewhat elaborately in a work that appeared a few years since, and "it is largely the object of the present work," he tells us, "to point out the influence of separatism in determining the course of events . . . during the

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eighteenth and nineteenth centuries." One may suggest, however, that the present volume is intended to appeal to another class of readers than the earlier work on Rhode Island origins; and the reviewer, at least, can hardly resist the conclusion that nothing would have been lost had the later period been shortened to permit of a more extended account of the time when Rhode Island "exemplified the two leading ideas of modern life and progress." Certain it is that the influence of "separatism in determining the course of events during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries" hardly suffices to secure that unity of narrative which is highly desirable in a book addressed to the general public. Further, one frequently feels that the author's general theory is being put to a severe strain, as, for example, where separatism is made responsible for "the politics of the State, both legitimate and debased" (p. 312). For present-day citizens of the State, the idea will doubtless have something of consolation in it, to say the least. But if the general theory is sometimes a little hard pressed, it nevertheless serves to furnish us with a suggestive treatment of many phases of later Rhode Island history.

In his brief sketch of the "Age of Roger Williams" Mr. Richman again emphasizes the proposition that was fundamental in his 'Rhode Island: Its Making and its Meaning,' namely, that Rhode Island, in the seventeenth century, stood for individualism (p. 61). That is well enough, but when it is added, in explanation of individualism, "rights of man as a being responsible primarily to God and not to the community," one is conscious of a certain confusion of thought. If by "individualism" is meant merely a certain extension of the sphere of individual freedom from State control, it is true that modern civilization is characterized by individualism; but in that case the difference between modern civilization and mediæval civilization—if the latter is what Mr. Richman has in mind—is a difference in degree rather than in principle. But if by individualism is meant the abstract principle, then it is not true that modern civilization rests upon individualism; for individualism in this sense means anarchy. The modern State suppresses with a ruthless hand whatever individual action it considers harmful to the State. That the modern State is not endangered by the same amount of individual freedom that would have endangered the Massachusetts theocracy, does not change the principle upon which they both rested. Nor can it be said that modern civilization accepts the idea that man is a being "responsible primarily to God and not to the community." Indeed, if there is one conception that is just now winning its way, we should say that it is precisely the principle that the individual will must be subordinated to the will of the community.

Mr. Phelps, adopting, as we have said, the opposite method, has resolutely seized upon the period previous to the admission of Louisiana into the Union as the important one, and even here he has excluded local history save in so far as it made a part of the general history of the Southwest. More than one-half of the book is given to this period. Here is retold—admirably, indeed—the familiar story of early exploration and settlement, Mississippi Bubble, Spanish control and reorganization, international intrigue, recession and Burr conspiracy. Much of this has already been told in other numbers of the series, much of it will doubtless be told again in future numbers. The remainder of the book is executed on the same plan. From 1815 to 1860 one loses sight of Louisiana almost entirely in the interesting discussion of the political and economic troubles leading to secession, while the three concluding chapters constitute essentially a commentary on the Civil War and Reconstruction from the Southern point of view.

The result is a narrative exhibiting unity and coherence, and dealing with large events in a large way. Partly because of a fortunate subject, partly because of a method to which the subject lends itself admirably, partly because of a first-hand familiarity with his material, Mr. Phelps has given us one of the best of the Commonwealths histories. While the later period is touched upon suggestively, if not with satisfactory detachment, it is the treatment of the earlier period that gives value to the book. The account of the history of Louisiana down to 1731, and of the Spanish reorganization and control, is excellent. On the subject of international intrigue between 1789 and 1800, Mr. Phelps is well informed, and if the story at this point is not altogether clear, the reader should remember that the period presents an exceedingly complex series of events to disentangle. If the constitutional importance of the debates centring about the treaty of 1803 is not set forth as satisfactorily as might have been expected in view of the exhaustive treatment of that question by Henry Adams, there is a certain recompense in the admirable description of conditions in the Territory which Mr. Phelps has given us in this connection. In dealing with the alleged Burr conspiracy, the author has followed, with some needed caution, the excellent work of Mr. McCaleb. With slavery Mr. Phelps has, necessarily, much to do. He has discussed it from what is commonly known as the Southern point of view. That slavery, from the earliest period, was an economic necessity; that slave legislation, originating in the *Code Noir*, was essentially humane; that the evils of slavery were greater for the white race than for the black; that these evils lay in the danger to "racial integrity"; that the South perceived this danger and was more interested in preserving racial integrity than in perpetuating slavery; that there was, after the war, no "negro" problem not made by the discontented mulatto and the white politician which the "white man unhampered and the negro uninfluenced" could not easily have settled—these, we take it, are the main points of Mr. Phelps's discussion. These statements invite comment, but space is wanting.

SUNDRY NOVELS.

A Renegade, and Other Tales. By Martha Wolfenstein. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.

The Bride of a Day. By R. B. and Dorothea Townshend. London: George Allen.

The Purple Land. By W. H. Hudson. Dutton.

The Sage-Brush Parson. By A. B. Ward. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Vrouw Grobelaar and her Leading Cases. By Perceval Gibbon. McClure, Phillips & Co.

On the Field of Glory. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish original by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

'A Renegade' presents to us a number of Gentile sinners and Jewish saints in the setting of far-away Bohemia. The scene and the subject are beyond the first-hand criticism of most readers, but a comparison with Zangwill's stories makes us wonder whether Martha Wolfenstein does not see the Gass in rather too roseate a light. However, we need not quarrel with the characterization if the stories were only interesting; but they are not. They are of the disappointing kind that begins with spirit and ends tamely, often concluding with a piece of forced pathos that produces actual irritation. The one simple love story, "Dovid and Resel," is the best of a poor bunch.

'The Bride of a Day' introduces us to New Mexico in the fifties, and is a readable story of romance and adventure. The element of love is supplied by the marriage of a Cornish gold-digger with a captive Navajo girl, a marriage primarily suggested by him in order to prevent her compulsory return to the reservation of her tribesmen. The adventure consists in the efforts made by the tribesmen to get and retain possession of her, though it needs no prophet to see from the beginning that their savage cunning will be finally foiled. In style, plot, and character the book is on a respectable level of commonplace.

Mr. Hudson's 'The Purple Land' is primarily a book of natural history. Even if we did not know of the author's other works, 'The Naturalist in La Plata,' 'Birds and Man,' etc., all later in date than the original edition of the volume now before us, we should quickly realize that the chief interests of this would-be novelist lie in the wild flowers and birds of the Uruguay which he describes. The story is constructed out of a series of scenes at different estancias in the course of the hero's journey in search of work. There is in every house a woman, generally a fascinating one, but the writer would have us know that his marked preoccupation with pretty women is only a part of his "great love for the beautiful: sunsets, wild flowers, especially verbenas, and beyond everything the rainbow." This strange concatenation is typical of the whole book, where travels, native stories, flirtations, a revolution, a prisoner's escape, a girl's flight from an unwelcome lover, are all strung so loosely together that sustained interest is impossible. The real point of the volume seems to be in the concluding paragraph of the last chapter but one: "Farewell, beautiful land of sunshine and storm, of virtue, and of crime; . . . may the blight of our superior civilization never fall on your wild flowers or the yoke of our progress be laid on your herdsmen." This sentiment reminds us forcibly of school debating societies, where the superiority of Barbarism over Civilization is apt to be carried by a large majority. But it is sweet, even if somewhat cloying, to read a lover's rhapsodies, and this ardent outpouring of devotion for the Banda Oriental will give pleasure to all unskeptical readers.

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It is hard to determine whether the real hero of 'The Sage-Brush Parson' is the parson himself or Jack Perry, the devoted if somewhat blasphemously inclined saloon-keeper. But from the time Clement Vaughan, in his long, clerical coat and Nevada sombrero—a concession to the new country of his adoption—steps from the train into an enveloping cloud of alkali dust, his fortunes and adventures hold one's unflagging interest. A. B. Ward, the non-committal name upon the title-page, might be the person relating his own experiences, or a participant in the scenes depicted, so vivid are the descriptions, so intimate the apparent knowledge of life in a rough mining community, where all is sharply accentuated, and softening gradations of color are not needed in painting social combinations. Three or four tales of equal length, made up with the usual proportions of padding, might have been evolved from the material used in this story so lavishly. Every sentence tells, every chapter is a necessary step toward the consummation, every scene has its inevitable place in that unfolding of motive and character which abounds in the narrative almost as much as constant action. From the arrival of the parson at Eureka, the scene of his devoted attempts at uplifting the heterogeneous inhabitants, until he disappears into the desert in the final chapter, there to regain himself and his poise, the current of the story moves too swiftly to allow of laying the book down until completed. "Gathering a Congregation" and "Charley Davenport's Funeral" must actually have occurred, in some form, somewhere; and hardly less real are "Fairy Fingers," "The Debate," and "Sobering-Off a District Attorney." Katharine Chisholm furnishes the offsetting grace, the refinements of gentle living, in this rough community, and in the beautiful home on Richmond Hill the young preacher finds rest and inspiration. But the touches of humor continually cropping out are still more invigorating to the reader, even casting a relieving gleam upon the sombre chapters relating to the trial, the death-watch, and the reprieve. The style is crisp, virile, incisive; and although there may be suggestions of Bret Harte, perhaps even of 'The Virginian' here and there, this is yet a new story, strongly told, with a character all its own.

In 'Vrouw Grobelaar' lies waiting a genuine sensation for the lover of short stories. Unless the reviewer is at fault, they will recall to the reader the hour wherein he tasted his first Maupassant, and that other hour when the new Kipling swam into his ken. In the Boer Country of Africa there is a field rich in material. If more barbarous material than that of France and more limited than that of India, it still comprises its own folk-lore, its own animal-lore and legend, the savagery of primitive tribes, the tragedies of clashing civilization and barbarism, and, most characteristically of all, the creepy transition from the beast to the human. We have been made familiar with Africa's animal traditions of late, and have perhaps found them more interesting and instructive than entertaining. Stories of African pioneering, agriculture, and war have been freely granted us—good stories, too. But Mr. Gibbon has suddenly developed the African *conte*, masterly in form, in manner, in outcome. There are episodes of great beauty, climaxes of great skill, moments of great horror, but rarely an inartistic moment, never a tedious one.

Vrouw Grobelaar, who tells the stories, has a diction of surprising variety for a woman who could neither read nor write. If blemishes in the book are to be hunted for, here is perhaps one—that the excellent Vrouw at times speaks Stevensonian, and anon practises Hewlettry. Possibly nothing less would have conveyed the full aroma of "her leading cases." The story never suffers; the Vrouw does, a little, as a portrait, yet very little, since her personality is strong, and rises distinct and self-asserting to where beyond these voices of preciosity there is peace, the peace of consistency. "The muscle-rippled skin of him" does not undo the real Vrouw as disclosed in her maxim that "Garlic is a thing you must not play with; like sin, you can never undo it, whatever forgiveness you win"; or her discovery that "when a man meets a rebuff with silence and dignity, he is aging." The Vrouw is a creation. She suggests, possibly, not a person so much as the solidified experience of her world unspotted by knowledge of any other. Marvellous are the stories she tells. The little Katje who hears and flouts them flutters like a red poppy through the pages. She and the Vrouw's weird quips furnish the needed pin-points of light in the prevailing sternness, even awesomeness, of the stories. They make the blood curdle, but it is a legitimate curdle, accompanied by assent and admiration.

Whoever has read and liked Sienkiewicz's trilogy of historical romance is advised to read 'On the Field of Glory.' There is the family likeness of authorship, and there is even an actual echo of the names made familiar in those books. It may also attract new readers to know that this is not a novel of battles, but of the unsettled times preceding the second great siege of Vienna by the Turks. There is the more leisure, therefore, for love-making and home-scenes; there is the author's witty sympathy—his characteristic note—and there are militarism and ferocities enough, Mars knows, to boot. The story treats chiefly of the adventures of certain doughty knights, nobles, and clericals who rescue a fair damsel from perils of the wolf and the wicked human monster, and, having rescued, deliver her over safely to her own true love. Trite as this outline appears, there is nothing trite in the experiences of the pretty Anulka and her devoted friends, of whom one of the foremost is Father Voynoski. A mighty warrior in his day, the comrade of Pan Michael of glorious fame, he has now, after many hard fights and bitter sorrows, turned priest. He believes that war is abhorrent to Heaven—except a war against Turks; for in such case, reasons he, "God put the Polish people on horseback, and turned their breasts eastward; by that same act He showed them His will and their calling." Next in zeal for the beleaguered Anulka and for all Christian conflict come the four brothers, Bukoyemski, of whom the priest truly says, "The Bukoyemskis are the Bukoyemskis." Named for the Evangelists, Mateush, Marek, Lukash, Yan, they go galloping through the romance in brotherly love and brotherly squabbles, drinking, blubbering, slashing, slaying, praying, clowns of speech, thunderbolts of action. They make themselves derided, feared, and in the end well-liked by their fellow-countrymen, whom the reader follows—at an Anglo-Saxon distance. They are as stirring in their way as the author's immortal Zagloba was in his. Anulka is as charming as Sienkiewicz alone (one is tempted to say) can make the heroine of gory romance. There is a good flash-light portrait of her in the lines, "The whole house was filled with her, and wherever she showed her little confident nose and her young gladsome eyes, delight and smiles followed." The closing scene is a panorama of gorgeous color, when King John Sobieski marshals his troops before his queen, as they are about to move on to Vienna. The pages palpitate with the color, glitter and swing of the great army. The climax is reached when the hussars march by in their steel armor, inlaid with gold, on their shoulders wings, "in which the feathers, even when moving slowly, made that sound heard in forests among the branches." Anulka cries farewell to her newly-wedded husband as he turns his iron-covered head toward her. Gladly would she have changed to a swallow to perch on his shoulder or the flag of his lance, and go with him to the Field of Glory. "She would not have stopped for one twinkle to calculate."

The translation is made with Mr. Curtin's accustomed brilliancy, flecked by an occasional blur like "shady eyelashes," "to milden the pain"—more expressive than idiomatic.

A FLASHLIGHT NATURALIST.

With Flash-Light and Rifle: Photographing by Flash-Light at Night the Wild Animal World of Equatorial Africa. By C. C. Schillings. Translated and abridged by Henry Zick, Ph.D. Harper & Brothers. Pp. xiv., 421. 1905.

Flashlights in the Jungle: A Record of Hunting Adventures and of Studies in Wild Life in Equatorial East Africa. By C. C. Schillings. Translated by Frederic Whyte, with an introduction by Sir H. H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. Illustrated with 302 of the Author's "untouched" photographs taken by day and night. Doubleday, Page & Co. Pp. xxxii., 782, 1906.

Wonderful tales of adventure are not uncommon in the literature pertaining to explorations and exploits in the Dark Continent, and hair-breadth escapes from the very jaws of death are not only pictured in words, but frequently rendered all the more vivid by illustrations. Not a few of those who thus relate their tales of adventure, their lion hunts, their elephant hunts, their tiger hunts, etc., have never seen these animals alive except when safely caged in a passing show or in a zoölogical garden. Now that the camera has come into general use, we usually find half-tones after pictures taken on the spot just at the critical moment, and the unsophisticated public assumes that the camera tells no lie. A careful examination of such pictures usually reveals the fact that a poorly stuffed specimen has been forced to serve the purpose of the ambitious journalist. It is

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therefore a decided pleasure to find a graphic account by an explorer and enthusiastic collector, whose persistent efforts have made it possible for him, not only to give a narration of his travels and the wealth of large game met, but also to give to the public the finest series of reproductions of photographs from life of the various animals encountered which have ever been reproduced. Herr Schillings states that he felt the insufficiency of words to depict convincingly the conditions of animal life in Africa as he found them on his first trip, and the need of some mode of representation that would be incontrovertible. Naturally, the camera appealed to him as the one means with which to accomplish this end. After careful experimenting with telephotography and flashlight, he set out for his second expedition. The results of this trip did not altogether satisfy him. A new series of experiments were made on his return, in which not only Capt. Kiesling, an expert military photographer in the German army, but even Mr. Goerz of the Goerz Optical Company, lent a hand. This resulted in the third expedition, and the author tells us he again learned "that theory and practice are two different things." After many disappointments and suffering from an acute heart trouble and malaria, he was compelled to give up the expedition and seek recovery in his native land.

Undaunted by these adverse experiences, he set out for a fourth expedition into German East Africa. The caravan, consisting of the author and (part of the time) Prince Loewenstein and one hundred and seventy native carriers and guards, left Tanga by rail for Korrogwe early in February, 1903, travelling from there on foot by way of Mombo and Masinde toward Mt. Kilimanjaro. The regular caravan route was avoided, the expedition following the Rufu River. In addition to the general account of the journey, the physiography of the land, its people, animals, and vegetation, there are separate chapters devoted to the habits, hunting, and photographing of the noble game of the region. In his chapter, "The Tragedy in the Path of Progress and Civilization," the author points out that the native fauna in Africa is doomed to speedy destruction, even as the buffalo, which once roamed over our Western plains, has passed away to make room for the settler. However, Africa is less hospitable to the European invader, for the tsetse fly soon inoculates his stock with the deadly trypanosome, leaving the settler to till the soil without these necessary aids to agriculture. It is interesting to note what is said regarding the domestication of the zebra. This beautiful "tiger horse" appears to be immune to the dread nagana, and experiments are being carried on in Europe as well as in Africa to domesticate it, so that man may overcome the barriers to civilization placed so effectually by the tsetse fly. The author does not place much hope in these experiments, but states that "the zebra may be made to pull a wagon or carriage when hitched together with ponies, but this is mostly play, and not work; it does not and will not exert its full strength, and will not labor until exhausted as our own horses do." He suggests that it would be much more reasonable and promising to train the native ass for hard work. Aside from these opinions he gives an interesting account of the animal in its native habitat, illustrated with three very striking flashlight pictures, taken at drinking-places. There are seven other plates which show zebras in various poses and under divers conditions.

Thirty-five pages and four plates are devoted to the African elephant. Two chapters deal with the rhinoceros, which is probably the most dangerous animal to hunt in Africa. Many narrow escapes are recounted, and it would almost seem as if enough specimens had been slain to supply the needs of all existing museums. The difficulties of capturing, nursing and transporting a young rhinoceros, are well described. Other chapters deal with the hippopotamus, giraffes, gnus, hyenas, jackals, leopards, baboons, and monkeys, and the diverse species of gazelles, water-bucks, antelopes, and buffaloes, as well as the larger birds of the region. Most interesting are the author's experiences with the lion, which might win him the title of lion-killer, were it not for the fact that he has brought even greater fame upon himself as a lion-photographer. No less than thirteen plates are devoted to the king of beasts; ten of these are flashlight pictures of the wild animal in its native surroundings—clear and sharp, which could not be excelled for detail if they had been made in a specially-constructed cage in some zoölogical garden. Some of these represent the animal in the act of attacking the bait, while others show the lion or lions at the drinking-place. One plate depicts no less than three flashed while peacefully drinking at the brook.

As to their production, we will let the author speak for himself:

"My method of procedure was simple enough, but dangerous. Towards evening I would bind some animal—as a rule an ass—to a tree near the path of the beasts. The animals used as bait are not exposed to any suffering, for the lion kills his prey quickly with one bite in the neck. Taking my stand nearby, and placing the apparatus in position, I waited until I heard and saw the beast approach its prey. It goes without saying that I had to register more failures than successes. These days and nights were full of anxiety, suspense and also disappointments for me. But when I did finally accomplish my purpose—when I caught the king of animals, the mightiest beast of prey, in the act, as it were, and held the documentary evidence on the small sensitive plate—my joy was simply without bounds. Even my stoic blacks became excited and discussed this memorable event for many days."

The other method employed by Herr Schillings was to conceal himself at some frequented water-place in the evening, and lie patiently in wait until the desired object came within the range of the flashlight and lens.

There are one hundred and twenty-one illustrations in the Harper edition mentioned at the head of this article, some of the most striking of which are: "Thomson's gazelles by flashlight," "Male and female rhinoceros bathing," "Zebras scenting a lion," "Three old lionesses at the brook," "Male leopard at the drinking-place," "Gnus approaching the camera through curiosity," "Zebras, white-bearded gnus and impallah antelopes herding together," "Impallah antelopes at the brook," "An old lion in a swamp;" the last a veritable masterpiece. The only adverse criticism which we have to offer is that the printer should have bestowed a little more care in the reproduction of the plates, and some one should have noticed that the cut on page forty-six, was upside down.

The delayed edition of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. is an unabridged translation, containing 379 pages and 181 illustrations more than the Harpers'. The appendices, labelled "Volume II.," will be hailed with pleasure by mammalogists and ornithologists, since they give a definite account of the collections which Herr Schillings has brought from Africa. The first of these deals with the mammals, and was prepared by Prof. Paul Matschie, Curator of the Royal Zoölogical Museum of Berlin, who says: "We need only glance at the complete list of the mammals brought home by Schillings, to realize the importance of his collection. He has collected a greater number of different species than any other traveller before him. He has secured three-fourths of the various species which were to be looked for in the districts through which he travelled." These collections have not only aided greatly in understanding the problems of mammalian distribution in East Africa, but have added a number of entirely new forms to that fauna, among them Schillings's giraffe (*Giraffa schillingsi*), Schillings's hyæna (*Hyæna schillingsi*), Schillings's klipspringer (*Oreotragas schillingsi*), and others which await naming. The list embraces 115 species. Appendix B is "A Synopsis of Herr C. C. Schillings's Collection of Birds," compiled by Prof. A. Reichenow. This list is based upon more than a thousand skins belonging to 355 species, of which five are new to science. The list is fully annotated with interesting and useful notes on the habits, distribution, nidification, etc., of the various species by Herr Schillings. The letterpress and the plate printing have been beautifully executed.

FINCK'S GRIEG.

Edvard Grieg. By H. T. Finck. John Lane Co. 1906.

Mr. Finck says truly in his preface that no apology is needed for the appearance of this volume. "The number of Grieg's admirers is legion, yet up to the present time there has been no book in English (or even in German) to which they could go for information regarding his life, his personality, and his works." Even if there had been, there is probably no biographer for Grieg who as amply as this one combines extreme enthusiasm, intimate knowledge of the extent and content of Grieg's creations, the advantage of personal acquaintance with the man, and a style as pellucid as an old ballad and as crisp as a Bach gavotte.

The story of Grieg's life is not one of darkest storm and stress. An invalid, he has lived in seclusion in the Far North; a successful pianist, conductor, and composer almost from the beginning of his career, happily married to a cousin who could not only inspire but interpret his songs—in spite of some dark years and some inevitable shadows, he stands for us in the sun; largely as to his career, wholly and radiantly as to his warm personality. The photographs of him, from the fifteen-year-old boy to the sixty-year-old man, receiving birthday congratulations at his own

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door, are full of charm and of a winning quality that fit absolutely into the character of his music. It is interesting to know that Grieg's great-grandfather was an Alexander Greig of Scotland, who, like many of his countrymen, emigrated to Norway in the troublous days succeeding Culloden. Though he changed the spelling of his name to insure its proper pronunciation, he did not wholly change his mind with his skies. So firm was his attachment to the Scotch Reformed Church that once a year he returned to Scotland to partake of the communion. By the time Edvard Grieg was born, however, in 1843, the Scotch strain was well-nigh lost in the Norwegian. Of his fondness for the "drone bass," which is characteristic of all Northern music, Mr. Finck says: "Possibly Grieg's love of it was stimulated also by atavistic reminiscences of his Scotch antecedents."

Grieg inherited from his mother his musical talent, and she was his first teacher, supplying, besides the actual instruction, a musical atmosphere by her own playing and singing, and by gathering about her zealous amateurs whose weekly reunions made happy hours for the small Edvard. It was Ole Bull who, on hearing the boy's compositions, counselled the parents to send him to Leipzig. Mendelssohn was dead and Schumann had gone to Dresden, but there were still at the Conservatory Moscheles, Reinecke, and other famous teachers. Among the students was Arthur Sullivan, in connection with whom Grieg gives a pretty reminiscence of an hour when the two sat and followed a performance of "St. Paul" with a score—Mendelssohn's own manuscript borrowed by Sullivan from the Director of the Conservatory. This foreshadows one of the great charms of the book—the touching of Grieg's life upon those of many interesting men. We find him playing duos and making mountain excursions with Ole Bull; both loving Mozart; Grieg leaning to modern heresies, the elder man saying of Wagner, "He ought to be lodged in prison." We see Grieg submitting his compositions to Gade; we are half-deafened when Björnson breaks wildly through the door upon Grieg giving a music lesson, to cry out that he has thought of the right word for a refrain in the verse he is fitting to Grieg's music. Here is Liszt sending a word of unsolicited praise to the twenty-five-year-old composer, and then follows a delightful account from Grieg's own hand of his visit to Liszt in Rome, of his qualms, his golden hour, the second meeting and the "divine episode" of Liszt's almost dramatic enthusiasm, and his parting admonition to Grieg "not to let himself be intimidated"—words which had for the young composer "an air of sanctification," carrying the promise of "a wonderful power to uphold him in days of adversity." A few years later came the letter from Ibsen to Grieg which resulted in the "Peer Gynt" music for Ibsen's play. For others among the many shining names linked with Grieg's we may go to Cambridge in 1893 and witness the conferring of the degree of Mus. Doc. on him, on Tchaikovsky, Saint-Saëns, Bruch, and Boïto—a stirring occasion, truly, with Grieg alone absent.

Very interesting are the descriptions of the London visits of 1888 and 1889, when Grieg was so popular as composer and pianist that people waited before the doors from eleven in the morning "quite as in the old Rubinstein days," and when, at a Philharmonic concert, "the hero of the evening was Mr. Grieg, the heroine being Mr. Grieg's wife," she singing his songs to his accompaniment. Mrs. Grieg's singing by all accounts must have been singularly appealing, warm, and beautiful. Criticism would have been easy, but none remembered to criticise. They seemed to think (or rather feel) only with the singer. They likened her to Jenny Lind. Tchaikovsky's tears came on listening to the Griegs; Ibsen seized the hands of both after listening to their interpretation of some of his own poems as set to music by Grieg, and whispered "Understood." (There seems to be a portrait of Ibsen as well as of the Griegs in this story.) Another particularly taking chapter is that which records the visit paid to Grieg on his own Northern soil by the author and his wife, who writes a picturesque account of it in an informal letter.

These are but glimpses into a delightful little biography. It will interest lovers of Grieg's music, of all music, of artist tales, of lively musial comment, criticism, and anecdote. The particularly affectionate itinerary through the land of the songs ought to be helpful to amateurs, and perhaps will stir up the hearts of the professionals when they are making their programmes. Considered as a composer, Grieg's fascination, variety, and inventiveness, the beauty of his melodies, the originality of his harmonies, his ingenuity in the development of Norse music, are conceded by all. Opinions differ as to the exact boundaries of his originality, more particularly in his thematic work. How much was his own? How much was folk-song? Writes one critic: "The wealth of harmonic invention of Grieg suggests a wonder whether, after all, much of the purely individual quality of his music has not been mistaken for a national vein." "Quite so," is Mr. Finck's caustic comment. He has already said, as to Grieg's songs, in his earlier volume, that "there is much more of Grieg in them than of Norway"; and this is not only his view, but his creed and passionate, not to say pugnacious, plea. As he puts it, an attempt is made in his book

"to assign to Grieg the rank which the author is absolutely convinced future generations will give him; in order to do so, it was necessary to destroy several absurd myths that have for decades been handed down from book to book and newspaper to newspaper, like hereditary maladies; notably the delusion that Grieg did little more than transplant to his garden the wild flowers of Norwegian folk-music—a delusion which has shamefully retarded the recognition of his rare originality; for, as a matter of fact, ninety-five hundredths of his music is absolutely and in every detail his own."

To speak, as critics have done, of Grieg's writing "in a dialect" makes Mr. Finck's blood boil. To the German critic who mourned that Grieg had "stuck in the fjord and never got out of it," he retorts that "Grieg in a fjord is much more picturesque and more interesting to the world than he would have been in the Elbe or the Spree." He points out that Haydn in Croatia did precisely what Grieg is called "unoriginal" for doing in Norway. Both borrowed phrases, strains, occasionally melodies, from their life-long surroundings, fashioned them anew, wove them into their compositions. As expressed by a writer in the 'Oxford History of Music,' "they renew with fresh and vigorous life an art that appeared to be growing old before its time." If this be borrowing, make the most of it, says Mr. Finck, practically. It would seem reasonable to allow the most original of composers five transplantings in every hundred melodies. Everything must reflect something. As Tyndall mourned because the Matterhorn was disintegrating, so we may prepare our tears against the day when all possible combinations of tones shall have been exhausted. Meantime it is safe to love the lovely. And meantime, too, our author specifically states that among Grieg's "72 works there are, besides three volumes of pianoforte arrangements of popular tunes, only three in which he has incorporated Norwegian melodies; all the others are his own." Concerning the position of Grieg in the future, neither arithmetic nor personal prepossession nor analogy can authoritatively speak. Mr. Finck thinks that as to songs he will ultimately be ranked second to Schubert only, and he has joy in pointing out which songs will be popular in the music-halls of the future. One of Grieg's most interesting traits is his attitude towards other composers. His appreciation of both dead and living among musicians, his catholicity no less than his sanity, are striking and exemplary. With Bach, Chopin, and Liszt among his idols, he has room in his affections for Mozart, Schumann, Verdi. With the work of Tchaikovsky, Dvorák, and MacDowell he is in admiring sympathy. Of Wagner he is an ardent admirer, but he has scant sympathy with "isms," and calls those who name themselves "Wagnerians" and "Lisztians" "a howling horde." "The great must be great," he writes, "and a comparison with other great ones must always be unsatisfactory." For his fervent biographer, in a task executed with infinite love and spirit, there can have been but one dash of bitterness: Grieg loves Brahms.

Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans: The Second French Empire. Edited by Edward A. Crane. Appleton & Co. 1905.

Dr. Evans is often unconsciously amusing in these memoirs; his attempts at assuming political importance leave one unconvinced, his judgments on men and things reveal more a mixture of naïveté and self-importance than anything else, and yet there is a residuum that has some claim to attention. For one thing, it is impossible to help admiring the whole-hearted devotion of Dr. Evans to his patrons, the French Emperor and Empress; and, further, his frequent contact with them enables him to throw out in strong relief the undoubtedly kindly and humane side of the character of Napoleon III. Apart from this, the book has little value. There is no serious evidence that Dr. Evans was ever initiated into State secrets; he was merely served with generalities, and so employed. One example of how he flounders in political matters will serve as an example. In the winter of 1868-69 Mr. Burlingame, at one time American minister to China, visited Paris at the head of a Chinese mission. Dr. Evans prides himself on having, at Napoleon's request, drawn up a report on the nature and object of

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this mission, which enabled the Emperor to deal with it. He apparently was unaware, both then and at the time he wrote his memoirs, that the mission was little better than a farce, and that its credentials to the European courts were of the most insulting character. And so it is all through. Even in events he witnessed with his own eyes, his imperialist proclivities make him untrustworthy. Thus, he speaks of the "immense enthusiasm" when the army was reviewed after the Crimean war, yet this was the occasion of the pretty well known incident of the cadets of the École Polytechnique absolutely refusing to cheer for the Emperor. The account of Napoleon's attitude towards the North at the time of the Civil War is probably the most misleading chapter of the whole book.

The minor errors are numerous. As against this, one or two of the photographs reproduced are interesting, notably a charming one of Eugénie de Montijo shortly before she became Empress.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Hartley Burr. Poetry and the Individual. Putnams. $1.50.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson. The Dawn of a Tomorrow. Scribners. $1.
Colegrove, William. Hartford: An Epic Poem. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Doyle, A. Conan. The Green Flag. R. F. Fenno & Co. 50 cents net.
Emerson, Henry P., and Ida C. Bender. Modern English Book I. Macmillan Co. 35 cents.
Gensel, Walther. Constantin Meunier. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hay, Alfred. Alternating Currents. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.
Hope, Laurence. Last Poems. John Lane Co.
Joubert, Carl. The Fall of Tsardom. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. IV. Washington.
Knowles, Archibald Campbell. The Life of Offering. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. 50 cents net.
Lane, Mrs. John. The Champagne Standard. John Lane Co.
Macdonald, Ronald. The Sea Maid. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
McKeever, William Arch. Psychology and Higher Life. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co.
Merriam, George S. The Negro and the Nation. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.
Naish, Ethel M. Browning and Dogma. Macmillan Co. $1.40.
Olmsted, Stanley. The Nonchalante. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Omond, G. W. T. Bruges and West Flanders. Macmillan Co. $3.
Plato's Theætetus and Philebus. Translated by H. F. Carlill. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Rankin, Carroll Watson. The Girls' Gardenville. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Remington, Frederic. The Way of the Indian. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Schouler, James. Americans of 1776. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.
Seaman, Louis Livingston. The Real Triumph of Japan. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Studies in American Trade Unionism. Edited by Jacob H. Hollander and George E. Barnett. Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.
Woodcock-Savage, Charles. A Lady in Waiting. Appleton. $1.50.
Woods, Frederick Adams. Mental and Moral Heredity in Royalty. Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.
Xenophon's Hellenica. Edited by E. C. Marchant and G. E. Underhill. Henry Frowde.

Some Books Issued in February

by

Henry Holt and Company 29 W. 23d St. New York

IMMIGRATION and Its Effects Upon the United States By Prescott F. Hall

Secretary of the Immigration Restriction League.

This is probably the most exhaustive book on its subject. A description will be sent on application. It is the first issue in the important new series, **"AMERICAN PUBLIC PROBLEMS,"** edited by **RALPH CURTIS RINGWALT** of the New York Bar. (393 pp., $1.50 net. By mail, $1.62.)

***The next volume in this series will be Geo. H. Haynes' "Election of Senators." (March.)

THE NEGRO AND THE NATION By George S. Merriam

This account of the negro question from the slave ship to Tuskegee, which is both entertaining and scholarly, is also believed to be the only history showing the relation of the negro to American politics from the earliest times till to-day. (436 pp., $1.75 net. By mail, $1.92.)

STUDIES IN AMERICAN TRADE-UNIONISM J. H. Hollander G. E. Barnett Editors.

Twelve papers by graduate students and officers of Johns Hopkins University, the results of original investigations of representative Trade Unions. There are also chapters on Employers' Associations, the Knights of Labor, and the American Federation of Labor. (380 pp., 8vo, $2.75 net. By mail, $2.98.)

A leaflet on the publishers' books on public problems and economics sent on application

HEREDITY IN royalty By Dr. Frederick Adams Woods

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